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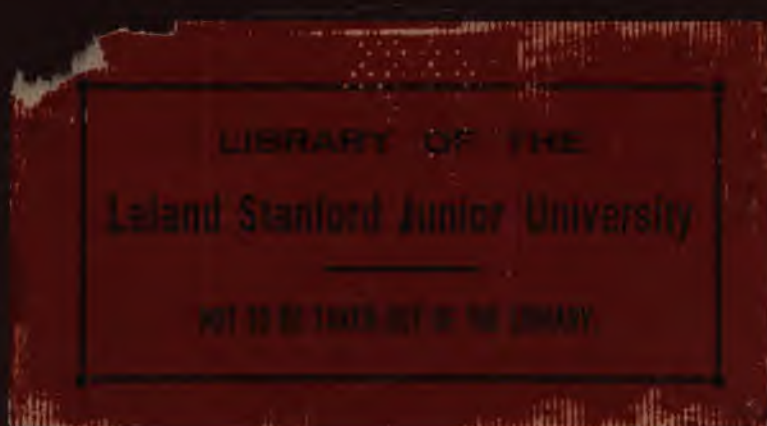
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THE

ROYAL KING, AND LOYAL SUBJECT.

A WOMAN KILLED WITH KINDNESS.

TWO PLAYS

BY THOMAS HEYWOOD.

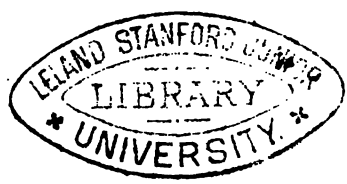
WITH AN INTRODUCTION AND NOTES,

BY

J. PAYNE COLLIER, ESQ.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR THE SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY.

1850.



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This Council will continue till the 26th of April, 1850.

The Council of the Shakespeare Society desire it to be understood that they are not answerable for any opinions or observations that may appear in the Society's publications; the Editors of the several works being alone responsible for the same.

INTRODUCTION.

The first of the two plays by Thomas Heywood, now issued to the Members of the Shakespeare Society, has not been reprinted since the publication of the old edition in 1637. Whether the poet then authorized the appearance of it in type is not stated; probably not, or he would have preceded it, as in most cases when he was a consenting party, by a dedication to some friend or patron, or by a brief address to the reader.

The preliminary matter consists only of a "Prologue to the Stage," which was, most likely, recited when the drama was originally acted: the "Epilogue to the Reader," which was not intended for an audience, shows that the drama had been written many years before it came from the press: indeed, the form and style of composition bears evidence of considerable antiquity; and Heywood himself remarks upon his frequent introduction of rhymes—a practice that prevailed, as most persons acquainted with the productions of our early stage are aware, in the comparative infancy of our theatres, when a successful effort was made, by a mixture of blank-verse and

rhyme, and by the employment of "strong lines," to compensate for the partial absence of that constant jingle to which the ears of popular spectators had been accustomed. Heywood tells us—

> "We know (and not long since) there was a time
> Strong lines were not look'd after, but if rhyme,
> Oh! then 'twas excellent."

So that we have the testimony of the author to establish, that his "Royal King, and Loyal Subject" was written "not long since" the period when rhyme was in general use on the stage. It has been ascertained that the great, original genius, Marlowe, was the earliest dramatist who, in his "Tamberlaine the Great," (printed in 1590, and written, perhaps, two or three years earlier) had endeavoured to wean the town from what he calls

> "The jigging veins of rhyming mother-wits."

Were we to venture a conjecture as to the date when "The Royal King, and Loyal Subject" was produced, we should say, that it was shortly before the year 1600; and Heywood adds, in his Epilogue, that it was when

> ——"doublets with stuff'd bellies and big sleeves,
> And those trunk hose which now the age doth scorn,
> Were all in fashion."

It would be out of place here to enter into any discussion on the construction of the plot, or on the delineation of the characters; but we may observe that the first is remarkably simple, and the last somewhat feeble and deficient in variety, faults in some

degree indicative of youth and inexperience. The purpose of the author was to exhibit the triumphant loyalty of a subject towards a "King of England," (we are not told his name, nor when he reigned) who was himself of the most magnanimous nature, and who made use of unconscious instruments, chosen from among his subservient and envious courtiers, in order that the generosity and fidelity of one nobleman might shine forth, after the severest trials, with the brightest lustre and the utmost purity. It is necessary to bear this fact in mind; or some of the incidents, as in "Patient Grissell," (which was founded by Dekker and his two coadjutors on a similar principle) will appear violent and unnatural.

The second drama in our present volume was extremely popular in its own day, and in ours it has been included in various impressions of "Dodsley's Old Plays," as well as in some other collections of the same kind. It is remarkable that the only known ancient copies purport to be "the third edition," and are dated in 1617: it must therefore have been printed twice before that date; and we can ourselves bear witness to having many years ago seen a copy of "A Woman Killed with Kindness," dated 1607, upon the shelves of an eminent book-auctioneer. It strangely disappeared from sight before the sale came on; and we know that several persons, besides ourselves, were thus disappointed of a competition for the purchase of the interesting, and perhaps unique curiosity. There was a mark in it by which we should know it again; and whoever may have it now

in their hands (if it still exist) can congratulate themselves only on a very unsatisfactory possession. No discredit may attach to them: they may have come very properly by it; but the probability seems to be, that it still remains in the close custody of the party who was instrumental in obtaining it, or we should have heard of it again in the course of more than a quarter of a century.

The date when "A Woman Killed with Kindness" was originally brought out, is ascertained with unusual precision from "Henslowe's Diary," as printed by our Society in 1845, pp. 249, 250, where the following entries occur: those who wish to see the ignorant spelling of the old manager, or of his scribe, can refer to our impression from the original manuscript; but we quote the words here without those disfigurements:—

"Paid, at the appointment of the company, the 6th of March, 1602, unto Thomas Heywood, in full payment for his play, called A Woman Killed with Kindness, the sum of..... £3."

"Paid, at the appointment of Thomas Blackwood, the 7th of March, 1602, unto the tailor which made the black satin suit for the Woman Killed with Kindness, the sum of..... 10*s*."

The play, therefore, was finished when Henslowe paid £3 for it; and we may conclude, perhaps, that the "black satin suit" was worn by the hero after the fall of his wife, and when she was dying, in consequence of the undeserved tenderness with which she had been treated by her forgiving husband. Nothing can be more tragically touching than the whole of this part of this fine moral play, and we are not

ashamed to own, after having read it many times previously, that we could not go through the mechanical process of correcting the proofs, without a degree of emotion that almost disqualified us for the duty.

The earliest printed notice yet discovered of "A Woman Killed with Kindness," is found in "The Blacke Booke," by T. M., 1604, where it is coupled with "The Merry Devil of Edmonton." The words of the author are—"And being set out of the Shoppe, (with her man afore her, to quench the jealouzie of her Husband) shee, by thy instructions, shall turne the honest simple fellow off at the next turning, and give him leave to see the merry Divell of Edmunton, or a Woman kild with kindnesse, when his Mistress is going her selfe to the same murther." Sign. E 3.

Our readers will bear in mind that, in what follows, we present the Plays, as nearly as possible, as they stand in the old impressions, with the sole exception of amended spelling. In the first Play, only the Acts are marked, without any subdivisions of Scenes; while in the second, neither Acts nor Scenes are distinguished. All that we could have done would have been to have given our conjectures on the subject, but we prefer to leave such matters untouched; because, after all, great mistakes may be committed, and readers easily misled. In our own day, and after all the pains that have been taken in the separation of the Acts and Scenes of some of Shakespeare's most celebrated dramas, persons are found who are dissatisfied (and in some instances reasonably) with

the proposed arrangement. We have furnished the text as it has come down to us, merely now and then adding to the stage directions, in order to render the business of the drama more intelligible; but in this respect we have been as sparing as we could, and we have always pointed out in a note where any important liberty of the kind has been taken.

J. P. C.

THE

ROYALL

KING,

AND

The Loyall Subject.

As it hath beene Acted with great Applause by the Queenes Maiesties Servants.

Aut prodesse solent, aut delectare.——

Written by *Thomas Heywood.*

LONDON,
Printed by *Nich.* and *John Okes* for *James Becket*, and are to be sold at his shop at the inner Temple neare the gate. 1637.

The Prologue to the Stage.

To give content to this most curious age,
The gods themselves we've brought down to the stage
And figur'd them in planets; made even hell
Deliver up the Furies, by no spell
Saving the Muses' rapture: further, we
Have traffick'd by their help; no history
We have left unrifled; our pens have been dipt,
As well in opening each hid manuscript,
As tracts more vulgar, whether read or sung
In our domestic, or more foreign tongue.
Of fairy elves, nymphs of the sea and land,
The lawns and groves, no number can be scann'd
Which we've not given feet to; nay, tis known,
That when our Chronicles have barren grown
Of story, we have all invention stretch'd,
Div'd low as to the Center, and then reach'd
Unto the *primum mobile* above
(Nor 'scapt things intermediate). For your love,
These have been acted often; all have pass'd
Censure, of which some live, and some are cast.
For this in agitation, stay the end;
Though nothing please, yet nothing can offend.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

The King of ENGLAND.
The Lord Marshal.
The Earl of CHESTER.
The Lord LACY.
The Lord CLINTON.
The Lord AUDLEY.
The Lord BONVILLE.
The Princess.
ISABELLA, the Marshal's eldest daughter.
KATHERINE, the Marshal's younger daughter.[1]
The Lady MARY AUDLEY.
Two Gentlemen in a Brothel-house.
The Prince of ENGLAND.
Captain BONVILLE.
Corporal COCK.
LANSPRISADO MATCH.
The Clown.
A Welchman.
A Host of the Ordinary.
Four young Gallants at the Ordinary.
A Servant.
A Bawd.
Two Courtesans.
Attendants, &c.

[1] In the list of characters prefixed to the old copy she is miscalled *Margaret*. The other persons are as they there stand.

THE ROYAL KING,

AND

THE LOYAL SUBJECT.

ACTUS PRIMUS. SCENA PRIMA.

Enter the King of England, the Lords LACY, CLINTON, CHESTER, *and the Marshal;* AUDLEY, *and* BONVILLE.

King. Thus from the holy wars are we return'd,
To slumber in the summer of soft peace,
Since those proud enemies, that late blasphem'd,
And spit their furies in the face of Heaven,
Are now laid low in dust.

Chest. Dread sovereign,
The Heavens have show'd their bounty unto us,
In guarding your most dear and sacred life
From opposite hatred, and that imminent peril
To which you were engag'd.

Clin. When in one battle you were twice unhors'd,
Girt with the opposite ranks of Infidels,
That had not timely rescue come from Heaven,
Mortal assistance had been us'd in vain.

King. Fye! now you load me with a surplusage
Of countless debt to this thrice valiant lord,
My noble Marshal: twice that perilous day
Did he bestride me, and beneath his targe

Methought that instant did I lie as safe
As in my best and strongest citadel;
The whilst his bright sword, like the bolt of Jove,
Pierc'd the steel crests of barbarous Infidels,
And flatted them with earth. Although my subject,
Yet in this one thing thou hast proved my lord,
For when my life was forfeit to the wars,
Thou by thy valour didst redeem it freely,
And gav'st it me, whilst thou engag'st thy life;
For which, if ever by like chance of war,
Law's forfeiture, or our prerogative,
Thy life come in like danger, here we swear
By our earth's honours, and our hopes divine,
As thou for us, we'll ours engage for thine.

Mar. You give, my lord, to duty attributes
Too high for her submiss humility.
I am your vassal, and ten thousand lives
Of equal rank with mine, subjects and servants,
Be overrated if compar'd with yours.

King. When I forget thee, may my operant parts
Each one forget their office. We create thee
Next to ourself of power; we but except
The name of king, all other dignities
We will communicate to thee, our friend.

Mar. May I no longer use these royalties,
Or have the power to enjoy them, than I wholly
Devote them to your service.

Prince. Noble Marshal,
If I survive England's inheritance,
Or ever live to sit on Jacob's stone,
Thy love shall, with my crown, be hereditary.

Mar. And, gracious Prince, since Heaven hath been as liberal
To grace me with your favour, as my birth
Was to endow me richly, all your graces,

Shall, with my great and ample revenues,
Be ever to your virtues serviceable.

King. We know it; and have been observers long
Of thy choice virtues; neither could we yet
Fasten that love on thee, which came not home
With double use and ample recompence.

Clin. (*aside to* CHESTER.) These graces are beyond dimension;
They have nor height nor depth, uncircumscrib'd,
And without bounds. He, like a broad-arm'd tree,
O'ershadows us, and, through his spacious boughs,
We that grow under cannot see the sun,
Nor taste the cheerful warmth of his bright beams.
These branches we must lop by fire or thunder,
Or by his shadowy arms be still kept under.

Chest. (*aside to* CLINTON.) I was born eagle-sighted, and to gaze
In the sun's forehead; I will brook no cloud
To stand betwixt me and his glorious fire:
I'll have full light, or none; either soar high,
Or else sink low. My ominous fate is cast,
Or to to be first, or of all abjects last.

King. You shall, renowned Marshal, feast for us
The ambassadors that come from foreign lands,
To gratulate our famous victories.

Mar. I shall, my lord, and give them entertainment
To England's honour, and to suit the place
Of which I bear the name.

King. We doubt it not.—
We understand, lords, in these tedious wars
Some forward spirits have been at great expense
To furnish them like noble gentlemen,
And many spent most part of their revenues
In honour of their country; some undone
In pursuit of these wars: now, if such come

For their relief by suit petitionary,
Let them have gracious hearing and supply,
Or by our service, or our treasury.

Aud. I have one kinsman hath spent all his land,
And is return'd a beggar, and so tatter'd,
As that I can but blush to acknowledge him:
But in the wars he spent it, and for me,
Wars shall relieve him. He was a noble heir,
But what these lost, let other wars repair.

King. Lords all, once more we greet your safe return,
With general welcome: we invite you all
To feast with us, and joy what we have won,
Happiest in these, our Marshal and our son. [*Exeunt.*

Enter the Clown, and a Welchman.

Clown. It seems thou hast not been in the wars, my friend; but art new come up to London.

Welch. Heaven pless thee from all his mercies and his graces. It was told us, in Wales, that you have great pig organ in Paul's, and pigger by a great deal than our organ at Wrexham; which made me make my travels and my journeys on the pare hoof up to London, to have resolutions and certifications in that pisiness, that, when I return into my countries and habitations, I may give notice to mine uncle, Rice ap Davy, ap Morgan, ap Evan, ap Jones, ap Geoffrey. I pray, where apout stands Paul's Church? can you tell hur?

Clown. Oh! very easily: stand with thy face that way, and follow thy nose, and thou wilt be there presently. But dost thou hear, Briton; take my word, our organ of Paul's is much bigger and better than yours of Wrexham, by as much as Paul's church is bigger and better than Saint Pancridge.

Welch. Awe, man! you prittle and prattle nothing

but leasings and untruths; now, will you but ease your posteriors a little, and I will quickly show you your organ of Paul's.

Clown. Very good; I like your demonstration well: but dost thou think your organ of Wrexham can compare with ours, for all that?

Welch. Lend me but your ears, and your apprehensions, and I will make you easily to acknowledge your errors.

Clown. But first show me your case in which you carry your two pair of organs. Sure those slops will not hold them: but in the mean time walk with me to the next red lattice, and I will give thee two cans, and wet thine organ-pipes well, I warrant thee.

Welch. I will take your courtesies, and if ever I shall meet you in Glamorgan, or Brecknockshire, I will make bold to requite some part of your kindnesses.

[*A loud winding of horns within.*

Clown. The very noise of that horn hath frightened my courtesy. But all's one; fare well for this time, and at our next meeting, ten to one I will be as good as my word.

Welch. Say you so, man? why, then, Cad keep you from all his mercies and good fortunes, and make us all his servants. [*Sound again.*

Enter the King, Marshal, &c.

King. Come, we will to the chase. Be near us, Marshal:
I'll try to-day which of our two good steeds
Can speed it best; let the most swift take both.

Mar. So please your grace, but I shall surely lose;
Yours is the best for proof, though mine for show.

King. That will we try: the wager grows not deep;

Equal's the lay, and what we win we'll keep.
Mount, mount! [*Exeunt King, Marshal, &c., manent* CHESTER *and* CLINTON.

Chest. Greater and greater still! no plot, no trick
To have him quite remov'd from the King's grace?
To slander him?

Clin. The King will lend no ear
To any just complaint that's made of him:
What can our scandals do, then?

Chest. Challenge him
Of treason, then, and that may haply call
His loyalty into suspect and question;
Which in the King at least will breed a coldness,
If not a deadness of affection.

Clin. Of treason? Say he crave the combat, then,
For that's the least he can, which of us two
Shall combat him? I know his blows too well;
Not I.

Chest. I should be loth.

Clin. How do you relish this?
His virtue and his bounty won him grace;
On that we'll build to ruin all his favours,
And work him to disgrace.

Chest. Pray teach me how.

Clin. First, praise him to the King; give all his virtues
Double their due; add unto every thing,
Ay, and hyperbolize in all his deeds:
Let his known virtues be the common theme
Of our discourse, to stale him; rate his worth
To equalize, if not to exceed, the King:
This cannot but beget distaste at least.

Chest. But farther?

Clin. Thus: then fall off from his praise,
And question his best deeds; as it may be

His noble bounty is but popular grace,
And his humility but inward pride;
His vulgar suffrage and applause abroad,
A way to climb, and seat himself aloft.
You understand me?

Chest. Fully. Come, to horse, [*Horns.*
And, as we ride, our farther plots disgest,
To find what may disturb, what aid us best. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Marshal and Servant.

Mar. Spur to the King; his steed's unshod before:
The ways be stony, and he'll spoil his beast.
Here, take these shoes and hammer, brought of purpose
For mine own use.

Serv. My lord, have you pluck'd the shoes off from your own horse, to set them on another's? A thousand to one, but you will spoil your own gelding quite.

Mar. No matter; do as I command thee, sirrah.
Follow him straight; I know he loves that horse,
And would not ride him bare for any gold.

Serv. Your horse is as good as his, I am sure; and I think you love him as well.

Mar. No matter: if he ask thee where thou hadst them,
Tell him, thou brought'st them with thee for my use.
Away! I'll gallop after, and o'ertake thee.

Serv. Put your shoes on another horse's feet, and let your own go barefoot? a jest, indeed.

Mar. The King affects both his good horse and game:
I'll help to farther both.

Enter the King and Marshal. Wind horns.

King. You have fetch'd me up at length: that's to your fortune,

Or my misfortune, for I lost a shoe.
Marshal, you ride well furnish'd to the field.

Mar. My lord, so horsemen should; and I am glad
My man was so well furnish'd, and the rather
Since we are far from help. My man is cunning,
Your Highness to his skill may trust your horse.

King. Thou couldst not have presented me a gift
I could have tasted better; for that beast
I much esteem. You were outstripp'd at length.

Mar. Till I was forc'd to alight, my horse with yours
Kept equal speed.

Enter the Lords.

King. Our lords.—Now, gentlemen,
How do you like the chase?

Aud. 'Twas excellent.

King. Had not my horse been by mischance unshod,
My Marshal, here, and I had led you still.

Chest. You were the better horsed.

King. And you the worst;
Witness the hugeness of your way behind.—
Is not my horse yet shod?

Serv. He is, my lord.

King. Then let us mount again.

Clin. Your horse, my lord, is not in state to ride:
He wants two shoes before.

King. Whose doth? the Marshal's?

Mar. Oft such mischances happen.

King. Were you furnish'd
For us, and for yourself kept no supply?

Mar. So I may have, my lord, to furnish you,
I care not how myself want.

King. Apprehension
Help me; for, every circumstance apply,

Thou hast done me an unwonted courtesy:
You spied my loss first.

Mar. I did, my lord.

King. And then alighted.

Mar. True.

King. Upon my life, 'tis so;
To unshoe thine own good steed, and furnish mine,
Was't not? Upon thy life, resolve me true.

Mar. What I have done, my lord, I did to you.

King. You will exceed me still; and yet my courtesy
Shall rank with thine: for this great duty shown,
I pay thee thus—both steeds are now thine own.

Clin. They wager love.

Mar. The best thing I can do
In me is duty; the worst, grace in you.

King. Th' art ours.—Come, mount! we will return to Court,
To order the great tournament prepar'd
To do our son grace; in which we entreat,
Marshal, your aid, because your skill is great.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Corporal and COCK, *ragged.*

Corp. We have visited all our familiars? Is it not now time that we revisit our Captain?

Cock. With all my heart, good Corporal; but it had not been amiss, if we had gone to Birchin Lane first to have suited us: and yet it is a credit for a man of the sword to go threadbare, because by his apparel he may be taken to be an old soldier.

Corp. Cock, thy father was a fresh-water soldier, thou art not: thou hast been powdered; witness thy flax and touch-box.

Enter MATCH.

Cock. But who comes yonder?—My Match! I am glad I have met thee.

Match. I knew, Cock, at one time or other thou wouldst meet with thy match. What, shall we go to my Captain's lodging?

Enter Captain BONVILLE, *extremely ragged.*

Corp. Spare that pains: yonder he appears in his colours.

Capt. Fortune de la guerre! I that have flourished, no colours like me; nay, no trumpet, though in his highest key, have nothing now to flourish: I, that have faced the enemy, have not so much as any facing left me. Were my suit but as well pointed as I have seen some, and stood I but in the midst of my followers, I might say I had nothing about me but tag and rag. I am descended nobly; for I am descended so low, that all the clothes of my back are scarce worth a noble: I was born to thousands, and yet, a thousand to one, they will now scarce acknowledge me where I was born.

Corp. Health to our worthy Captain.

Capt. Thanks, my most worthy soldiers: and yet, if I should examine your worths, what at the most could all you make?

Corp. I would not have your worship to examine our outsides.

Capt. And for your insides I'll pass my word.

Cock. Cannot all your worship's credit afford you a new suit?

Capt. Credit me, no. My revenues were a thousand a-year, part of which I lavish'd amongst gallants, rioted in taverns, havock'd in ordinaries; and, when my estate began to ebb, as my last refuge, I laid all my hopes upon the last wars; but failing there, (as the world imagines) I am return'd as you see. The King hath promised supply and relief to all that have spent their estates in his expeditions; but many like myself

have been born to be poor, that scorn to be beggars: as many have been born to be rich, that can never leave it. The truth is, I am myself, as my proceedings will express me farther.

Corp. Will you cashier us, Captain, or shall we follow your future fortunes?

Capt. You shall not leave me. My purpose is to try the humours of all my friends, my allies, my ancient associates, and see how they will respect me in my supposed poverty: though I lose their acquaintance, I will lose none of my retinue. How say you, gentlemen? will you copart with me in this my dejectedness?

Corp. As I am corporal, so will I prove true squire to thy body.

Cock. And as I am true Cock, so will I crow at thy service, wait on thee with a comb for thy head, with fire to thy piece, with water to thy hands, and be cocksure in any employment whatsoever.

Match. And, as I am true Match, I shall scorn that any of them shall o'ermatch me in duty.

Capt. Attend me, then: if I rise, you shall ascend; if fall, I will lie flat with you. First, then, I will make some trial of my friends at the Court; and in good time here's the King.

Sound. Enter the King, discoursing with CHESTER *and* CLINTON; AUDLEY, BONVILLE, *and Captain* BONVILLE.

King. You have persuaded much, and I begin
To censure strangely of his emulous love.

Chest. Farther, my lord, what can his smoothness mean,
His courtesy, and his humility,
But as sly baits to catch the people's hearts,
And wean them from your love?

Clin. Doth he not strive

In all things to exceed your courtesy,
Of purpose to outshine your royal deeds,
And dazzle your brightness, that himself may shine?
Is he not only popular, my liege?
Is not the people's suffrage sole to him,
Whilst they neglect your fame? His train doth equal,
If not exceed yours: still his chamber throng'd
With store of suitors; where the Marshal lies,
There is the Court. All eyes are bent on him,
And on his glories: there's no theme abroad,
But how he sav'd you from the Pagan's sword;
How his sole hand sways, guides, and guards the realm.

Chest. Think but, my lord, on his last game at chess:
'Twas his, past odds; but when he saw you mov'd,
With what a sly neglect he lost the mate,
Only to make you bound to him.

Clin. For all the favours, graces, honours, loves
Bestow'd upon him from your bounteous hand,
His cunning was to think to quit you all,
And pay you with a horse-shoe.

Chest. In the tournament
Made by the Prince, your son, when he was peerless,
And without equal, this ambitious Marshal
Strives to exceed, and did: but when he saw
Your Highness mov'd to see the Prince disgrac'd,
He lost the prize; but how? that all the people
Might see it given, not forfeit, which did add
Rather than derogate. Briefly, my lord,
His courtesy is all ambition.

King. And well it may be; is he not our vassal?
Why should the Marshal, then, contend with us
To exceed in any virtue? We observe him:
His popularity; how affable
He's to the people; his hospitality,
Which adds unto his love; his forwardness

To entertain ambassadors, and feast them;
Which though he do't upon his proper charge,
And for our honour, yet it may be thought
A smoothness and a cunning to grow great.
It must be so. A project we intend
To prove him faithless, or a perfect friend. [*Exit.*

Chest. It takes: these jealous thoughts we must pursue,
And to his late doubts still add something new.

Capt. Your speech being ended, now comes in my cue.
My honourable lord.

Chest. What beggar's this?

Capt. Beggar, my lord! I never begged of you:
But were I a beggar, I might be a courtier's fellow.
Could I beg suits, my lord, as well as you,
I need not go thus clad; or were you free
From begging as I am, you might rank me.

Chest. Comparisons! Away. [*Exit.*

Capt. Folly and pride
In silks and lace their imperfections show;
But let pure virtue come in garments torn
To beg relief, she gets a courtly scorn.
My lord, you know me?

Clin. I have seen that face.

Capt. Why, 'tis the same it was; it is no changeling;
It bears the self-same front: 'tis not like yours,
Paled with the least disgrace, or puff'd with brags,
That smiles upon gay clothes, and frowns on rags.
Mine's stedfast as the sun, and free as Fate,
Whose equal eyes look upon want and state.

Clin. And doth not mine so, too? Pray, what's your business?

Capt. Only that you would know me. The King's favour hath made you a baron, and the King's wars have made me a bare one: there's less difference in the

accent of the word than in the cost of our weeds. This is the same face you were once acquainted with, though not the same habit. I could know your face, though your diseas'd body were wrapp'd in sheepskins.

Clin. This fellow offends me.—

Capt. Go, churl; pass free:
Thou know'st my forfeit lands, though forget'st me.—
Nay; you would be going, too: you are as afraid of a torn suit, as a younger brother of a sergeant, a rich corn-master of a plentiful year, or a troublesome attorney to hear of suits put to compromise.
Sir, I must challenge you; you are my kinsman;
My grandsire was the first that rais'd the name
Of Bonville to this height; but, Lord! to see
That you are grown a lord, and know not me.

Bon. Cousin, I know you: you have been an unthrift,
And lavish't what you had; had I so done,
I might have ebb'd, like you, where I now flow.

Capt. I since came to purchase that,
Which all the wealth you have will never win you.

Bon. And what's that, I pray?

Capt. Wit. Is the word strange to you? Wit.

Bon. Whither wilt thou?

Capt. True;
Wit will to many, ere it come to you.

Bon. Feed you upon your purchase, I'll keep mine.

Capt. Have you the wit to do't?

Bon. I have the wit to buy,
And you to sell: which is the greater gain?
Cousin, I'll keep my wealth; keep you your brain.

Capt. The wealth of Midas choke thee ere th'art old,
And even the bread thou feed'st on change to gold.—
My lord, you hear how I pray for my kindred;
I have a little more charity for my friend: with you
I have some business.

Aud. I am in haste now.
Capt. I pray you stay.
Aud. Not now, indeed.
Capt. Pardon; for here's no way
Before you hear me.
Aud. Prithee, be brief.
Capt. Your daughter lives, I hope.
Aud. What's that to thee?
Capt. Somewhat 'twill prove; ay, and concerning me.
Before I laid my fortunes on these wars,
And was in hope to thrive, by your consent,
Nay, by your motion, our united hearts
Were made more firm by contract: well you know
We were betroth'd.
Aud. Sir, I remember't not.
Capt. I do, and thus proceed.
I was in hope to have rais'd my fortunes high,
And with them to have pull'd her by degrees
Unto that eminence at which I aim.
I ventur'd for it; but instead of wealth
I purchas'd naught but wounds. Honour I had,
And the repute of valour; but, my lord,
These simply of themselves are naked titles,
Respectless without pride and bombast wealth,
And to the purblind world show seeming-bad:
Behold in me their shapes; they thus go clad.
Aud. You said you would be brief.
Capt. All that I had
I spent upon my soldiers; we took no spoil.
The wars have grated on me, ev'n to this
That you now see. Now my last refuge is
To raise myself by her.
Aud. And spend her means
As thou hast thine own. Vile unthrift! no;
I know no contract.

Capt. I have one to show.

Aud. No matter. Think'st thou that I'll vent my bags
To suit in satin him that jets in rags? [*Exeunt Lords.*

Capt. The world's all of one heart: this blaze I can,
All love the money, none esteems the man.
These be our friends at court, and fine ones, too,
Are they not, pray? Where be our followers?

Cock. Here, noble Captain.

Capt. You see how our friends
Grace us, what hopes we have to prefer you?

Corp. I see sufficient. Captain, I will discharge myself;
I mean to seek elsewhere for preferment.

Cap. All leave me, if you please; but him that stays,
If e'er I mount, I'll with my fortunes raise.

Match. Captain, I desire your pass: I mean to march along with my corporal.

Capt. Wilt thou go too?

Cock. I leave you? Who, I? for a little diversity? for a wet storm? No, sir; though your outsides fall away, I'll cleave as close to you as your linings.

Capt. Gramercy yet.—Away without reply.

Corp. *Foutre* for thy base service!

[*Exeunt Corporal and* MATCH.

Capt. Away!—'Sfoot, how am I am fallen out of my humour! and yet this strangeness of my nearest friends and alliance deserves a little contemplating. Is't possible, that even lords, that have the best educating, whose ears are frequent to the most fluent discourse, that live in the very brain of the land, the Court, that these should be gulled with shadows, and not be able to distinguish a man when they see him! Thou knowest me, yet these do not.

Cock. Why, may not a poor man have as good eyes

as another? Their ears, indeed, may be larger than mine, but I can see as far without spectacles as the best lord in the land.

Capt. These superficial lords, that think every thing to be as it appears, they never question a man's wit, his discretion, his language, his inward virtues; but as he seems he passes.

Cock. I warrant, if I should look like an ass, they would take me for one too.

Capt. The next I try is my betrothed: if she acknowledge this hand that hath received hers, this heart, this face, and knows the person from the garment, I shall say, Woman, there is more virtue in thee than Man.

Cock. There's no question of that; for they say, they will hold out better. But, sir, if we be no better habited, I make a question how we shall get in at the court-gate; for I'll assure you, your fashion is not in request at the Court.

Capt. My virtue is not to be imitated;
I'll hold my purpose, though I be kept back,
And venture lashing in the Porter's lodge.
Come, follow me; I will go see my mistress,
Though girt with all the ladies of the Court.
Though ragged Virtue oft may be kept out,
No grate so strongly kept above the centre,
But asses, with gold laden, free may enter. [*Exeunt.*

ACTUS SECUNDUS. SCENA SECUNDA.

Enter the Prince, the Princess, the Marshal, and the Lady MARY AUDLEY.

Prince. Lord Marshal, we are much in debt to you,
For by your favour we obtain'd the prize
In the last tourney: we acknowledge it.

Mar. I could not love my sovereign, gracious prince,
Without extent of duty to the son.
Princess. 'Twas nobly plied on both sides: both had honour;
Yet, brother, to be modest in your praise,
You had the best.
Prince. You please to grace me, sister.—
Marshal, I hear you are a widower late:
How long is't since your bounteous countess died?
Mar. My lord, you make me now, unsoldier-like,
Forget the name of Marshal, to become
A passionate husband: her remembrance draws
Tears from mine eyes. She died some three months since;
Good lady! she's now gone.
Princess. A kind husband,
I'll warrant him. If e'er I chance to bride,
Heaven grant I find no worse!
Prince. Have you no children by her?
Mar. Two sweet girls,
Now all my hopes and solace of this earth,
Where, next the zeal I owe unto my King,
I prize above the world.
Prince. Why, noble sir,
Are they not brought up to be train'd at Court,
To attend our sister?
Mar. They are young and tender,
And, ere I teach them fashion, I would gladly
Train them in virtue, and to arm their youth
Against the smooth and amorous baits of Court.
Princess. As kind a father as a husband now!
If e'er I chance to wed, such Heaven grant me.
Prince. Why, Heaven may hear your prayer: here is one,
I warrant, that dreams on a husband.

Princess. Yet ere long
She both may dream and speak as much as I.
No question but she thinks as much already;
And were her voice and her election free,
She would not stick to say, "This man for me!"

Prince. You make the lady blush.

Princess. Why, to change face,
They say, in modest maids is sign of grace:
Yet many, that like her hold down the head,
Will ne'er change colour when they are once in bed.

Prince. You'll put the lady out of countenance quite.

Princess. Not out of heart; for all of her complexion
Show in their face the fire of their affection;
And even the modest wives, this know we too,
Oft blush to speak what is no shame to do.

Mar. Lady, the Princess doth but try your spirit,
And prove your cheek: yet do not take it ill;
He'll one day come will act the husband's part.

Enter Captain BONVILLE *and* COCK.

Princess. Here enters one; I hope it be not he.

Capt. Attend me, sirrah, into the presence, and if any of the guard repulse thee, regard him not.

Cock. I'll march where my Captain leads, were't into the presence of the great Termagant.

Capt. My duty to the Prince: Madam, your favour; Lord Marshal, yours.

Prince. What will the fellow do?

Capt. Lady, your lip.

Princess. My lord, how like you this?
She'd blush to speak, that doth not blush to kiss.

Cock. Well said, mistress.

Prince. A good bold fellow.

Capt. You are not asham'd to acknowledge me in this good company. I have brought thee all that the wars

have left of me: were I better worth, 'twere all thine; thou canst have no more of the cat but his skin. I have brought thee home the same eyes that first saw thee, the same tongue that first courted thee, the same hand that first contracted thee, and the same heart that first affected thee: more I have not, less I cannot. Nay, quickly, sweet wench, and let me know what to trust to.

Lady Ma. Were you more worth, I could not love you more,
Or less, affect you less: you have brought me home
All that I love, yourself, and you are welcome.
I gave no faith to money, but a man,
And that I cannot lose, possessing you.
'Tis not the robe or garment I affect;
For who would marry with a suit of clothes?
Diamonds, though set in lead, retain their worth,
And leaden knives may have a golden sheath;
My love is to the jewel, not the case,
And you my jewel are.

Capt. Why, God-amercy, wench! Come, sirrah. [*Exit.*

Cock. Here's a short horse soon curried. [*Exit.*

Princess. Is this your sweetheart? I had need wish you much joy, for I see but a little towards. Where did you take him up? by the highway? or did you not fall in love with him hanging on a gibbet?

Prince. What is he, for Heaven's sake? Can no man give him his true character?

Mar. I can, my lord. He's of a noble house,
A Bonville, and great heir; but being profuse,
And lavish in his nonage, spent the most
Of his known means, and hoping now at last
To raise his fortune by the wars now ceas'd,
His hopes have fail'd him: yet we know him valiant

And fortunate in service; one whose mind
No fortune can deject, no favour raise
Above his virtues' pitch.

Prince. If he be such,
We'll move the King in his behalf, and help
To cherish his good parts.

Enter CHESTER.

Chest. My Lord the Prince,
The King calls for you; for he dines to-day
In the great Hall, with great solemnity,
And his best state.—Lord Marshal, you this day
Must use your place, and wait; so all the lords.

Prince. Come, we'll go see the King.

Mar. I shall attend your grace. [*Exeunt.*

Princess. And in faith, lady, can you be in love with this rag of honour?

Lady Ma. Madam, you know I am my father's heir:
My possibilities may raise his hopes
To their first height. Should I despise my hand
In a torn glove, or taste a poisonous draught,
Because presented in a cup of gold?
Virtue will last when wealth flies, and is gone:
Let me drink nectar, though in earth or stone.

Princess. But say
Your father now, as many fathers are,
Prove a true worldling, and rather than bestow thee
On one dejected, disinherit thee:
How then?

Lady Ma. My father is my father, but my husband,
He is myself. My resolution is
To profess constancy, and keep mine honour;
And rather than to queen it where I hate,
Beg where I love. I wish no better fate.

Princess. By my faith, good counsel: if I live long enough,
It may be I may have the grace to follow it.

Sound. Enter two banquets brought forth: at one the King and the Prince in their State, at the other the Lords. The Marshal with his staff and key, and other offices borne before him to wait on the King.

King. This anniversary do we yearly keep,
In memory of our late victories;
In joy of which we make a public feast,
And banquet all our peers thus openly.
Sit, lords: those only we appoint to wait,
Attend us for this day. And now, to crown
Our festival, we will begin this health.—
Who's that so near our elbow? Marshal, you?
Stand off; we wish you farther.

Mar. Me, my lord?

King. Ay; you, my lord.

Mar. Your Highness' will's a law:
I shall obey.

King. You are too near us yet. What! are we King,
Or have we countermanders?

Chest. (*aside.*) Note you that?

Clin. Now it begins.

Mar. I fear some sycophants
Have dealt ignobly with us to the King.
No matter; I am arm'd with innocence,
And that dares front all danger.

King. Lords, this health, [*The King drinks;*
See it go round; 'twas to our victory. *they all stand.*

Mar. With pardon, can your Highness that remember,
And so forget me?

King. Thou dost prompt me well.
You are our Marshal.

Mar. I have us'd that place.

King. Your staff? support it, and resolve me this:
Which of yon lords there seated at the board
Hast thou been most in opposition with,
Or whom dost thou least favour?

Mar. I love all;
But should you ask me, who hath wrong'd me most,
Then should I point out Chester.

King. Chester, then,
Bear him that staff; giv't up into his hand:
Say, I commend me to him by the name
Of our High Marshal. Take your place below,
And let him wait on us. What! do you pause,
Or shall we twice command?

Mar. I'll do't, my lord.—
Chester, the King commends his love to you,
And by my mouth he styles you by the name
Of his High Marshal, which this staff of office
Makes good to you: my place I thus resign,
And giv't up freely as it first was mine.
You must attend the King: it is a place
Of honour, Chester, and of great command;
Use it with no less modesty than he
That late enjoy'd it, and resigns it thee.

Chest. I need not your instruction. The King's bounty
Bestows it freely, and I take my place.

Mar. And I mine here: th' allegiance that I owe him
Bids me accept it, were it yet more low.

King. Attend us, Chester; wait upon our cup:
It is an honour due to you this day.

Chest. I shall, my lord.

Clin. Oh, my lord, you are welcome. We have not had
Your company amongst us long.

Mar. You ever had my heart, though the King's service
Commanded still my person. I am eas'd
Of a great burden, so the King rest pleas'd.

Aud. I have not seen a man hath born his disgrace with more patience; especially, to be forc'd with his own hand to deliver up his honours to his enemy.

Bonv. It would have troubled me: I should not brook it.

King. Command yon fellow give his golden key
To the Lord Clinton. Henceforth we debar him
Access unto our chamber. See it done.

Chest. The King commands you to give up your key
Unto that lord that's near you: henceforth, sir,
You to his person are denied access,
But when the King commands.

Mar. Say to my liege,
The proudest foe he hath, were he an emperor,
Should not have forc'd the least of these from me;
But I acknowledge these, and all I have,
To be sole his: my life, too, which as willingly
To please him I will send. I thank his Highness,
That sees so into my debility,
That he hath care to ease me of these loads
That have oppress'd me long.—So, sir, 'tis done.—
Come, lords, now let's be merry, and drink round.
After great tempests we a calm have found.

Aud. This lord is of an unwonted constancy. He entertains his disgraces as merrily as a man dies that is tickled to death.

King. Cannot all this stir his impatience up?
I'll search his breast but I will find his gall.—
Command him give his staff of Council up:
We will bestow it elsewhere, where we please.

Chest. The King would have you to forbear the Council,
And to give up your staff.
Mar. I shall turn man:
Kings cannot force to bear more than we can.
Chest. Sir, are you mov'd?
Mar. Those are that wrong'd may speak.—
My lord, I let you know my innocence,
And that my true and unstain'd loyalty
Deserves not this disgrace: none ever bore
Like eminence with me, that hath discharg'd it
With better zeal and conscience. For my service
Let my wounds witness: I have some to show,
That, had I not my body interpos'd,
Had been your scars: all my deserved honours
You have bestow'd upon my enemies,
Ay, such as have whole skins,
And never bled but for their ease and health.
You might with as much justice take my life,
As seize my honours. Howsoe'er, my lord,
Give me free leave to speak but as I find:
I ever have been true, you now unkind.
King. Will you contest?
What have you, sir, that is not held from us?
Or what can your own virtue purchase you
Without our grace? Are not your fortunes, favours,
And your revenues ours? Where should they end
But where they first began? Have we not power
To give our own, or must we ask your counsel,
To grace where you appoint? Need we a guardian,
Or aim you at the place?
Mar. Oh, my dread King!
It sorrows me that you misprize my love,
And with more freedom I could part with life
Than with your grace. My offices, alas,

They were my troubles; but to want your favours,
That only thus afflicts my loyal thoughts,
And makes me bold to term your grace unkind.

King. Sir, we command you to abandon Court,
And take it as a favour that we now
Not question of your life. Without reply
Leave us.

Mar. I'll leave the Court as I would leave my burden;
But from your Highness in this kind to part,
Is as my body should forsake my heart. [*Exit.*

King. Shall we not be ourself, or shall we brook
Competitors in reign? act what we do
By other men's appointment? He being gone,
We are unrivall'd: we'll be sole, or none.

Prince. The Marshal's gone in discontent, my liege.

King. Pleas'd or not pleas'd, if we be England's King,
And mightiest in the sphere in which we move,
We'll shine alone. This Phaeton cast down,
We'll state us now midst of our best affected.
Our new created Marshal, first lead on,
Whose loyalty we now must build upon.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Captain BONVILLE *and Clown.*

Capt. Sir, now attend me. I'll to the ordinary,
And see if any of my ancient friends
Will take note of me. Where's the good man? within?

Clown. There's none dwells here: you may speak with the master of the house if you will.

Enter the Host.

Clown. Captain, captain! I have descried an host!

Capt. An host? where? which way march they?

Clown. Mine host of the house: see where he marches.

Capt. Here, take my cloak.—What, is't not dinner-time?
Are there no gallants come yet?

Host. Why, sir, do you mean to dine here to-day?

Capt. Here do I mean to cranch, to munch, to eat,
To feed, and be fat, my fine Calipolis.

Host. You must pardon me, sir; my house entertains none but gentlemen. If you will stand at gate, when dinner's done, I'll help you to some fragments.

Capt. Sirrah, if your house be free for gentlemen,
It is fit for me. Thou seest I keep my man.
I've crowns to spend with him that's bravest here:
I'll keep my room in spite of silks and satins.

Host. I would I were well rid of this ragamuffin.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* How goes the day?

2 *Gent.* It cannot yet be old, because I see no more gallants come.

1 *Gent.* Mine host, what's here?

Host. A tatterdemalion, that stays to sit at the ordinary to-day.

2 *Gent.* Dost know him?

Host. I did when he was flush, and had the crowns; but since he grew poor, he is worn quite out of my remembrance. He is a decay'd Captain, and his name is Bonville.

1 *Gent.* I would he would leave this place, and rank himself with his companions.

Enter two more.

2 *Gent.* Morrow, gentlemen.

3 *Gent.* The morning's past; 'tis mid-day at the least.

4 *Gent.* What! is the room so empty?

Host. And please your worships,
Here's more by one that it can well receive.

3 *Gent.* What tatter's that that walks there?

4 *Gent.* If he will not leave the room, kick him down stairs.

Capt. There's ne'er a silken outside in this company
That dares present a foot to do that office.
I'll toss that heel a yard above his head
That offers but a spurn.

1 *Gent.* Can we not be private?

Capt. I am a man, like you perhaps, well bred,
Nor want I coin; for hark, my pockets chink:
I keep my man to attend me, more perhaps
Than some can do that go in costlier silk.
Are you so fearful of a ragged suit?
They were first paid for ere they were put on:
A man may question whether yours were so.
Who kicks first, ha? Come, have you mind to game?
I'll cast, or set at thus much. Will you card
A rest for this? No? Then, let's to dinner.—
Come, serve in meat.

1 *Gent.* Mine host, prithee put this fellow out of the room, and let him not drop his shoe-clouts here.

2 *Gent.* 'Sfoot! Dost thou mean we shall go lousy out of the house?

3 *Gent.* If he will not go out by fair means, send for a constable.

4 *Gent.* And sent him to Bridewell ordinary: whipping cheer is best for him.

Host. Nay, pray, sir, leave my house: you see the gentlemen will not endure your company.

Capt. Mine host, thou knew'st me in my flourishing prime.
I was the first brought custom to thine house:

Most of my means I spent here to enrich thee,
And to set thee up, I've cast down myself.

Host. I remember, sir, some such matter; but you see the times change. Nay, will you leave the gentlemen?

Capt. The lease of this house had'st thou not from me? Did I not give thee both the fine and rent?

Host. I must needs say you were bountiful when you had it; but in troth, sir, if you will not be gone, I shall be forc'd to turn you out by the head and shoulders.

Capt. And is not all this worth the trusting for an ordinary?

Host. Nay, if you prate, I shall use you somewhat extraordinary.

Gent. Down with the rogue!

Capt. Since you hate calms, and will move stormy weather,
Now host and guest shall all down stairs together.

Clown. Ah! well done, master: tickle them, noble Captain.

Capt. Come, Cock: I have took some of their stomachs away from them before dinner.

Enter the Marshal, with his two men and his two Daughters.

Mar. We are at peace now, and in threat'ned death
We do enjoy new life: my only comforts,
The image of my late deceased wife,
Now have I time to surfeit on your sight,
Which Court employments have debarr'd me long.
Oh, Fortune! thou did'st threaten misery,
And thou hast paid me comfort. Need we aught,
That we should seek the suffrage of the Court?
Are we not rich? are we not well revenued?
Are not the country pleasures far more sweet
Than the Court cares? Instead of bawling suitors,

Our ears receive the music of the hound:
For mounting pride and lofty ambition,
We in the air behold the Falcon's tower,
And in that moral mock those that aspire.
Oh, my good King! instead of threat and wrong,
Thou'st brought me rest, which I have wish'd so long.

Isabella. Sir, we have long been orphans in the country,
Whilst you still follow'd your affairs at Court:
We heard we had a father by our guardian,
But scarce till now could we enjoy your sight.

Katherine. Nor let it seem offensive to your love,
That we in your retirement should take pride:
The King in this pursues our greater happiness,
And quickens most where he would most destroy.

Mar. You are mine own sweet girls, and in your virtues
I place my sole bliss: you are all my honours,
My favours, state, and offices at Court.
What are you not? Let the King take my lands
And my possession, and but leave me you,
He leaves me rich: more would I not desire,
And less he cannot grant.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. One from the King
Attends your honour, and his urgency
Craves quick despatch.

Mar. Ladies, withdraw a little. [*Exeunt daughters.*
I long to know what mischief's now afoot.
We'll front it, be it death; ay, and march towards it.
A chair: admit the herald; let him in,
We are arm'd 'gainst what can come: our breast is true,
And that's one maxim, what is forc'd is wrong,
We can both keep our heart and guide our tongue.

Enter the Servant, ushering in CHESTER.

Chest. Sir, the King greets you, and commands you effect
His will in this. You know the character.
[*Gives a letter.*

Mar. My good Lord Marshal, you are welcome hither.
These lines I kiss, because they came from him.

Chest. You'll like the letter better than the style.
Ha! change your face? is your blood mov'd to the tide,
Or ebbs it to your heart?

Mar. "Thou hast two daughters, [*He reads.*
Fair by report: her whom thou lovest best
Send to the Court; it is thy King's behest.
Do this on thy allegiance."

Chest. Sir, your answer?

Mar. I pray, sir, deal with men in misery
Like one that may himself be miserable.
Insult not too much upon men distress'd;
Play not too much upon my wretchedness:
The noble minds still will not when they can.

Chest. I cannot stay for answer; pray be brief.

Mar. You are more welcome than your message, sir;
And yet that's welcome, coming from my King.
Pray, sir, forbear me: 'tis the King's command,
And you shall know mine answer instantly.—
Receive him nobly.

Chest. I shall wait your pleasure. [*Exit.*

Mar. Malice, revenge, displeasure, envy, hate,
I had thought that you had only dwelt at Court,
And that the country had been clear and free;
But from King's wraths no place, I find, is safe.
My fairest daughter? Had the King commanded
One of my hands, I had sent it willingly;
But her! Yet kings must not be dallied with;

Somewhat I must resolve, to breed of force
Treason or to my blood or to my King.
False father or false subject I must prove;
Be true to him I serve, or her I love.
Somewhat I must.—My daughters! call them in.

Enter one, ushering the Ladies.

Leave them and us.
Ladies, I must be blunt: the King's displeas'd,
And hearing of two children whom I love,
My patience and my loyalty to try,
Commands that she whom I love best must die.

Isab. Die! 'las, that's nothing: must not all men so?
And doth not Heaven crown martyr'd innocence?
I was afraid my Lord the King had sent
T' have strumpeted the fairest of your blood.
An innocent death, my lord, is crown of rest;
Then let me die, as her whom you love best.

Kath. If but to die prove that you love me, then
Death were most welcome to confirm your love.
Alas! my sister, she hath not the heart
To look upon a rough tormentor's face;
I am bold and constant, and my courage great
As token of your love then point out me.

Mar. Alas, my girls! for greater ills prepare;
Death would end yours and somewhat ease my sorrows:
What I must speak, contains Heaven's greatest curse.
Search all the world, you can find naught so ill.

Isab. Speak it at once.

Mar. Her whom I best affect
The King intends to strumpet.

Kath. Bless me, Heaven!

Mar. Should he ——

Kath. By all my joys, I'll sooner die
Than suffer it.

Isab. And so, by Heaven, will I!

Mar. Now you are mine, indeed! Who would forego
One of these gems, so fine, and valued so?
But, passion, give me leave; the King commands,
I must obey. The fairest he sent for:
None of my daughters have been seen at Court,
Nor hath the ambitious Chester view'd them yet:
My eldest, then, shall go.—Come hither, girl.
I send thee, Heaven knows whether to thy death,
Or to thine honour. Though he envy me,
Yet, in himself, the King is honourable,
And will not stretch his malice to my child.
The worst I fear, and yet the best I hope.
I charge thee, then, even by a father's name,
If the King deign to take thee to his bed
By name of Queen, if thou perceiv'st thyself
To be with child, conceal it even from him.
Next, when thou find'st him affable and free,
Find out some talk about thy sister here:
As thus; thy father sent thee but in jest,
Thy sister's fairest, and I love her best.

Isab. It may incense the King.

Mar. What I intend
Is to myself: inquire no farther of it.

Isab. I shall perform your will, and thus resolv'd
To be a martyr ere a concubine.
But if the King afford me farther favour,
In my close bosom your last words I'll place.

Mar. Sister and sister part: be you not seen.
Bid her farewell. A martyr or a Queen!

[*Exit* KATHERINE.

They cannot speak for tears. Alas, for woe!
That force should part sister and sister thus,
And that the child and father of one heart

Commands and powerful threats should thus divide!
But Chester stays.—Within, there!

Enter Servant.

Serv. My lord.

Mar. Have you receiv'd Earl Chester honourably?

Serv. The noblest welcome that the house could yield
He hath had, my lord. Nothing was held too dear;
He much extols your bounty.

Mar. Usher him in: we are now ready for him.

Serv. I shall, my lord.

Enter CHESTER.

Chest. Sir, I have stay'd your leisure; now your answer?

Mar. That I obey: the fairest of my girls
I send the King.

Chest. I easily can believe
That this the fairest is: her like in Court
Lives not; she is a present for a King.

Mar. Say to the King, I give her, but conditionally,
That if he like not this, fairest of the two,
Unstain'd he will his gift send back again.

Chest. I shall.—Come, lady.

Mar. My lord, I do not load you with commends
And duties which I could do to the King.
I know your love; your memory may fail you,
And you them all may scatter by the way.
Do thou a father's duty, thus in tears,
And send me how thou speed'st, to free these fears.

[*Exeunt.*

ACTUS TERTIUS.

Enter Clown and the Lady MARY AUDLEY.

L. Mary. Came you from him?

Clown. Yes, if it please your maidenship. My master

sends you word he is the old man, and his suit is the old suit still, and his clothes the old clothes. He scorns to be a changeling, or a shifter: he fears nothing but this, that he shall fall into the lord your father's hands, for want of reparations.

L. Mary. We know thy meaning. Here, bear him this gold,
And bid him suit him like the man he was.
Bid him to face the proudest he in Court:
He shall not want whilst we have.

Clown. That was out of my commission, lady. Gold tempts; I have commandment not to touch it. 'Tis another thing he aims at: it is a thing, but I know not what manner of thing; but something it is; and he vows not to shift a shirt till he be farther resolv'd. He only sends you commendations, and withal to know, if you would stand to your word.

L. Mary. He wrongs me to cast doubts.
Tell him, I am the same I ever was,
And ever will continue as I am.
But that he should disdain this courtesy,
Being in want, and coming, too, from me,
Doth somewhat trouble me.

Clown. We want, Madam! you are deceiv'd: we have store of rags; plenty of tatters; abundance of jags; huge rents, witness our breeches; ground enough to command, for we can walk where we will; none will bid us to dinner; houses rent free, and goodly ones to choose where we will—the Marshalsea, the Counter, Newgate, Bridewell; and would a man desire to dwell in stronger buildings? And can you say that we are in want? No, lady, my Captain wants nothing but your love; and that he entreats you to send by me, the bearer.

L. Mary. I do, with all the best affection
A virgin can bestow upon her friend.

Clown. I dare swear he is an honest man, but I dare not say he is a true man.

L. Mary. How! not a true man?

Clown. No; for he hath sworn to steal you away, and thus I prove it: if he steal you away, I am sure, you will not go naked; he cannot steal you, but he must steal the clothes you have on, and he that steals apparel, what is he but a thief? and he that is a thief cannot be a true man. *Ergo.*

L. Mary. That is no theft when men but steal their own;
And I am his: witness this diamond,
Which bear him, and thus say: that no disaster
Shall ever part me from his company.

Clown. I shall bear this with as good will as you would bear him: *Utcunque volumus.*

L. Mary. What are we but our words? When they are past,
Faith should succeed, and that should ever last.
My father!

Enter the Lord AUDLEY.

Aud. Wott'st thou who's return'd?
The unthrift Bonville, ragged as a scarecrow:
The wars have gnaw'd his garments to the skin.
I met him, and he told me of a contract.

L Mary. Sir, such a thing there was.

Aud. Upon condition, if he came rich.

L. Mary. I heard no such exception.

Aud. Thou dost not mean to marry with a beggar?

L. Mary. Unless he be a gentleman; and Bonville
Is by his birth no less.

Aud. Such only gentile are, that can maintain
Gentily.

L. Mary. Why, should your state fail you,

Can it from you your honours take away?
Whilst your allegiance holds, what need you more?
You ever shall be noble, although poor.

Aud. They are noble that have nobles; gentle they
That appear such.

L. Mary. Indeed, so worldlings say:
But virtuous men prove they are only dear
That all their riches can about them bear.

[*Exit* LADY MARY.

Sound. Enter the King, Lord CLINTON, *Lord* BONVILLE, *Prince, Princess.*

King. Is not Earl Chester
Return'd yet with an answer from the Marshal?

Prince. Not yet, my lord.

King. For such contention we now scorn revenge:
We'll try the utmost of his patience now.
He would exceed our love, if it appear,
He will hold nothing for his King too dear.

Aud. Earl Chester is return'd.

Enter CHESTER *and* ISABELLA.

King. Hast brought her, Chester?

Chest. Her whom her father the most fair esteems,
He hath sent by me; only with this request,
That if his free gift do not like your Highness,
You'll send her back untouch'd to his embrace.

King. I fear we shall not; she appears too fair,
So straightly to part with. What is he would
Attempt such virgin modesty to stain
By hopes of honour, flatteries, or constraint?—
How do you like her? your opinions, lords?

Prince. A beauteous lady; one that hath no peer
In the whole Court.

King. Therefore I hold her precious.

Princess. A fairer face in Court who ever saw?
Her beauty would become the name of Queen.
Clin. One of more state or shape where shall we find?
Aud. Her modesty doth do her beauty grace:
Both in her cheek have choos'd a sovereign seat.
King. You have past censure, lady: now you're mine,
And by your father's free gift you are so,
To make or mar, to keep or [to] bestow.
Isab. It glads me I am present to a King,
Whom I have always heard my father term
Royal in all things, virtuous, modest, chaste;
And to have one free attribute besides,
Which even the greatest emperor need not scorn—
Honest: to you, if you be such, my liege,
A virgin's love I prostrate, and a heart
That wishes you all goodness with the duty
Of a true subject and a noble father.
Then, mighty Prince, report your subject noble,
Since all those virtues you receive in me.
King. Thou hast o'ercome us all. That thou hast term'd us,
We'll strive to be, and to make good those attributes
Thou hast bestow'd upon us. Rise our Queen:
Thy virtue hath took off the threat'ning edge
Of our intended hate. Though thou art ours
Both by free gift and duty, which we challenge
As from a subject, though our power could stretch
To thy dishonour, we proclaim thee freed;
And in this grace thy father we exceed.
Prince. The King in this shows honour. Princes, still,
Should be the lords of their own appetites,
And cherish virtue.
King. Have I your applause?

Bon. Your Highness shows both royalty and judgment
In your fair choice.

King. Are your opinions so?

Aud. Far be it, mighty King, we should distaste
Where you so well affect.

Princess. For grace and feature
England affords not a more complete virgin.

Clin. Were she not the Marshal's daughter,
I'd term her worthy for my sovereign's bride.

Chest. Ay, that's the grief.

King. This kiss, then, be the seal
Thou art our Queen, and now art only mine.

Isab. May I become your vassal and your handmaid,
Titles but equal to my humble birth;
But since your grace a higher title deigns,
Envy must needs obey where power compels.

King. Give expeditious order for the rites
Of these our present nuptials, which shall be
Done with all state and due solemnity.
And, Marshal, in this business thou shalt find
Thyself defective, and not us unkind.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Health to your Highness!

King. Whence?

Serv. From my sad master,
Your Marshal once, now your dejected vassal.
And thus he bid me say: "If the King deign
To grace my daughter with the style of Queen,
To give you then this casket, which contains
A double dower: half of this mighty sum
He out of his revenues had afforded,
Had she been match but to a Baron's bed;
But since your Highness deigns her for your bride,

And his alliance scorns not to disdain,
He saith a double dower is due to you.

King. He strives to exceed us still. This emulation
Begets our hate, and questions him of life.
This dower we take, his daughter entertain,
But him we never shall receive to grace.
Bear not from us so much as love or thanks:
We only strive in all our actions
To be held peerless for our courtesy
And royal bounty, which appears the worse,
Since he, a subject, would precede his Prince.
And did we not his daughter dearly love,
We'd send her back with scorn and base neglect;
But her we love, though him in heart despise.
Pay him that thanks for all his courtesies.

Serv. In this employment I will strive to do
Th' office of a subject, and of servant too.

King. Since to that emulous lord we have sent our hate,
Come to our nuptials: let's pass on in state. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Captain BONVILLE *and Clown.*

Capt. The humours of Court, city, camp, and country,
I have trac'd, and in them can find no man, but money:
all subscribe to this motto, *Malo pecuniam viro.* Oh,
poverty! thou art esteem'd a sin worse than whoredom,
gluttony, extortion, or usury;
And earthy gold, thou art preferr'd 'fore Heaven.
Let but a poor man in a threadbare suit,
Or ragged as I am, appear at Court,
The fine-nos'd courtiers will not scent him—no,
They shun the way as if they met the pest;
Or if he have a suit, it strikes them deaf;
They cannot hear of that side.

Clown. Come to the city, the haberdasher will sooner

call us blockheads, than block us: come to the sempsters, unless we will give them money we cannot enter into their bands: though we have the law of our sides, yet we may walk through Birchin Lane and be non-suited: come barefoot to a shoemaker, though he be a constable, he will not put us into his stocks: though the girdler be my brother, yet he will not let his leather embrace me: come to the glover, his gloves are either so little that I cannot pluck them on, or so great that I cannot compass; and for the camp, there's honour cut out of the whole piece, but not a rag of money.

Capt. The country hath alliance with the rest. My purpose is, now I have so thoroughly made proof of the humours of men, I will next assay the dispositions of women, not of the choicest, but of those whom we call good wenches.

Clown. Pray, master, if you go to a house of good fellowship, give me something to spend upon my cockatrice: if I have nothing about me, I shall never get in.

Capt. There's for you, sirrah. Doth not the world wonder I should be so flush of money, and so bare in clothes? The reason of this I shall give account for hereafter. But to our purpose: here they say dwells my Lady Bawdy-face; here will we knock.

Enter Bawd.

Bawd. Who's there? what would you have? ha?

Capt. Sweet lady, we would enter: nay, by your leave.

Bawd. Enter? Where? Here be no breaches for you to enter, truly.

Capt. And yet we are soldiers, and have ventur'd upon as hot service as this place affords any.

Bawd. Away, you base companions! we have no

breaches for such tatter'd breeches: we have no patches to suit with your rags.

Capt. Nay, pray give way.

Bawd. Away, you rogues! Do you come to shake your rags here? Do you think we can vent our ware without money, you rascals? Get you from my door, you beggarly companions, or I'll wash you hence with hot scalding water.

Clown. Nay, I warrant, her wenches can afford her that at all times.

Bawd. Do I keep house to entertain tatterdemallions, with a pox? you will be gone?

Capt. We must forbear the gallows out of patience. Stand aside.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* I would fain go in, but I have spent all my money.

2 *Gent.* No matter; they shall not know so much till we get in, and then let me alone. I'll not out, till I be fir'd out.

1 *Gent.* Then let's set a good face of the matter.—By your leave, lady.

Bawd. You're welcome, gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* What fellows be yon?

Bawd. Two poor soldiers that came for an alms, and please you, that stay for some reversions: there's none such come into my house, I warrant you.

2 *Gent.* Save you, sweet lady.

Bawd. Where be those kitchen-stuffs? Here! shall we have no attendants? Shew these gentlemen into a close room, with a standing bed in't, and a truckle too. —You are welcome, gentlemen.

Capt. 'Tis general through the world: each state esteems

A man not what he is, but what he seems.
The purest flesh ragg'd can no entrance have,
But itch and all disease, if it come brave:
Wide open stand the gates of lust and sin,
And those at which the wide world enters in.
Madam, to be short, I must have a wench. Though I am ragged outward, I am rich inward: here's a brace of angels for you. Let me have a pretty wench; I'll be as bountiful to her.

Bawd. Your worship's very heartily welcome. Where's Sis? Where's Joyce? The best room in the house for the gentleman! Call Mistress Priscilla, and bid her keep the gentleman company.

Capt. I'll make bold to enter. [*Exit.*

Bawd. Your worship's most lovingly welcome. Let the gentleman have attendance, and clean linen if he need any. Whither would you, you rogue?

Clown. Marry, I would after my master.

Bawd. Thy master? Why, is yon ragamuffin able to keep a man?

Clown. Ay, that he is, able to keep a man, and himself too.

Bawd. Then that man must be able to pay for himself too, or else he may cool his heels without, if his appetite be hot.

Clown. Then shall I not go in?

Bawd. No, by my maidenhead, shall you not, nor any such beggarly companion shall enter here, but he shall come through me, too.

Clown. No? what remedy? Ha, ha! he that rings at a door with such a bell, and cannot enter! (*Shakes a purse.*) Well, if there be no remedy, I'll even stay without.

Bawd. Oh me! is it you, sir? and are so strange, to stand at the door? Pray, will you come near? Your

master is new gone in afore. Lord, Lord! that you would not enter without trusting! You were even as far out of my remembrance as one that I had never seen afore.

Clown. I cannot blame you to forget me, for I think this be the first time of our meeting.

Bawd. What would you have, sir?

Clown. Nothing, as they say, but a congratulation for our first acquaintance. I have it here, old bully bottom; I have it here.

Bawd. I have it here, too. Nay, pray, sir, come in: I am loth to kiss at door, for fear my neighbours should see.

Clown. Speak, shall you and I condog together? I'll pay you to a hair.

Bawd. Nay, I beseech you, sir, come in: a gentleman, and stand at door! I'll lead the way, and you shall come behind.

Clown. No, no; I will not salute you after the Italian fashion: I'll enter before.

Bawd. Most lovingly: pray draw the latch, sir.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter the two Gentlemen with the two wenches.

1 *Gent.* Nay, faith, sweet rogue, thou shalt trust me for once.

1 *Whore.* Trust you? come up! canst thou pay the hackney for the hire of a horse, and think'st thou to breathe me upon trust?

1 *Gent.* Thou bid'st me come up, and shall I not ride?

1 *Whore.* Yes, the gallows as soon.

2 *Whore.* A gentleman, and have no money! Marry, you make a most knightly offer.

2 *Gent.* How? to offer thee no money?

2 *Whore.* How can they offer that have none?

2 *Gent.* I'll either give thee ware or money; that's as good.

2 *Whore.* Ay, but sir, I'll deal with no such chapmen.

Enter Bawd and Clown.

Bawd. What's the matter here? Ha! can you not agree about the bargain?

1 *Whore.* Here's gallants would have us breathed, and, forsooth, they have no money.

2 *Whore.* They think, belike, diet, lodging, ruffs, clothes, and holland smocks, can all be had without money; and a disease, if we should catch it, Heaven bless us, can be cur'd without money.

Bawd. That's fine, i'faith. If my beds be shaken out of their joints, or my cords broken, must not the joiner and the rope-maker both have money? If my rugs be rubb'd out with your toes, can they be repair'd without money? If my linen be foul'd, can I pay my laundress without money? Besides, we must have something to maintain our broken windows, I hope: the glazier will not mend them without money?

1 *Gent.* Come, come, let's run a score for once.

Bawd. You shall not score of my tally. Out of my doors!

Enter Captain BONVILLE.

Capt. Why, shall we not be bosom'd? Have we paid, And must we not have wenches?

Bawd. You shall have the choicest of my house, gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* Who, those rascals?

Bawd. They be rascals that have no money; those be gentlemen that have crowns: these are they that pay the joiner, the rope-maker, the upholster, the

laundrer, the glazier. Will you get out of my doors, or shall we scold you hence?

Clown. That you shall never by thrusting them out of doors.

1 *Gent.* Who but a man would be so base as to be hir'd, much more to hire one of those bruitists, that make no difference betwixt a gentleman and a beggar? Nay, I have seen enough to be soon entreated. [*Exit.*

2 *Gent.* You shall not need to fear me: I am gone.
He's past before, nor will I stay behind:
I have seen enough to loath all your sisterhood. [*Exit.*

Bawd. Marry, farewell frost.—Now, sir, will you make your choice, and your man after?

Capt. I'll have both; these are mine.

Clown. Go, you, then, with your pair of whores; I'll go with this old sculler that first ply'd me.

Bawd. I see thou lovest to go by water. Come, shall we dally together? Sit upon my knee, my sweet boy; what money hast thou in thy purse? Wilt thou bestow this upon me, my sweet chick?

Clown. I'll see what I shall have first for my money, by your favour.

1 *Whore.* And shall I have this?

2 *Whore.* And I this?

Capt. Both these are mine: we are agreed, then?
But I am asham'd, being such a tatter'd rogue,
To lie with two such fine gentlewomen;
Besides, to tell you truly, I am lousy.

1 *Whore.* No matter; thou shalt have a clean shirt, and but pay for the washing; and thy clothes shall in the mean time be cast into an oven.

Capt. But I have a worse fault; my skin's not perfect. What should I say I am?

2 *Whore.* Itchy? Oh! thou shalt have brimstone and butter.

Capt. Worse than all these, my body is diseased:
I shall infect yours.

1 *Whore.* If we come by any mischance, thou hast money to pay for the cure. Come, shall's withdraw into the next chamber?

Capt. You are not women, you are devils both,
And that your dam! my body, save in wars,
Is yet unscarr'd, nor shall it be with you.
Say the last lecher that embrac'd you here,
And folded in his arms your rottenness,
Had been all these, would you not all that filth
Vomit on me? or who would buy diseases,
And make his body for a spittle fit,
That may walk sound? I came to school you, whore,
Not to corrupt you; for what need I that
When you are all corruption? be he lame,
Have he no nose, be all his body stung
With the French fly, with the serpego dried;
Be he a lazar or a leper, bring
Coin in his fist, he shall embrace your lust
Before the purest flesh that sues of trust.

Bawd. What Diogenes have we here? I warrant, the Cynic himself said not so much when he was seen to come out of a bawdy-house.

Capt. He sham'd not to come out, but held it sin
Not to be pardon'd to be seen go in.

1 *Whore.* But I'll be modest.

Capt. Nay, nay, keep your gold,
To cure those hot diseases you have got;
And being once clear, betake you to one man,
And study to be honest, that's my counsel.
You have brought many, like yon gentlemen
That jet in silks, to go thus ragg'd like us,
Which, did they own our thoughts, these rags would change

To shine as we shall, though you think it strange.—
Come, come, this house is infected: shall we go?

Clown. Why, sir, shall I have no sport for my money, but even a snatch and away?

Capt. Leave me, and leave me ever: and observe
This rule from me; where there is lodg'd a whore,
Think the plague's cross is set upon that door. [*Exit.*

Clown. Then, Lord have mercy upon us! Where have we been?

[*The Clown goes leering away, and shaking his head.*

Bawd. Hist, hist! here's a railing companion indeed!

1 *Whore.* I know not what you call a railing companion, but such another discourse would make me go near to turn honest.

Bawd. Nay, if you be in that mind, I'll send for your love. The plague in my house! the pox is as soon: I am sure there was never man yet that had *Lord have mercy upon us* in his mind, that would ever enter here.—Nay, will you go? [*Exeunt.*

Sound. Enter the King, Prince, Princess, all the Lords, the Queen, &c.

King. Before you all I here acknowledge, lords,
I never held me happy but in this
My virtuous choice: in having your applause,
Methinks I had the sweet consent of Heaven.

Prince. This noble lady, now my royal mother,
Hath by her love to you, regard to us,
And courteous affability to all,
Attain'd the general suffrage of the realm.

Princess. Her modest carriage shall be rules to me,
Her words instructions, her behaviour precepts,
Which I shall ever study to observe.

Queen. (*aside.*) I feel my body growing by the King,
And I am quick, although he know it not.

Now comes my father's last injunction
To my remembrance, which I must fulfil:
Although a queen, I am his daughter still.

King. Lords, and the rest, forbear us till we call.
A chair first, and another for our Queen;
Some private conference we intend with her.—
Now leave us. [*Exeunt Prince, Princess, Lords, &c.*

King. My fairest Isabella, the choice jewel
That I wear next my heart, I cannot hide
My love to thee: 'tis like the sun, envelop'd
In watery clouds, whose glory will break through,
And, spite opposure, scorns to be conceal'd.
Saving one thing, ask what my kingdom yields,
And it is freely thine.

Queen. What's that, my lord?

King. I cannot speak it without some distaste
To thee, my Queen: yet, if thy heart be ours,
Name it not to me.

Queen. I am only yours.

King. Beg not thy father's free repeal to Court,
And to those offices we have bestow'd.
Save this, my kingdom, and what it contains,
Is thy will's subject.

Queen. You are my King, and husband:
The first includes allegiance, the next duty;
Both these have power above a Father's name.
Though, as a daughter, I could wish it done,
Yet, since it stands against your royal pleasure,
I have no suit that way.

King. Thou now hast thrust thy hand into my bosom,
And we are one. Thy beauty, oh, thy beauty!
Never was King blest with so fair a wife!
I do not blame thy father to prefer
Thee 'fore thy sister, both in love and face,

Since Europe yields not one of equal grace.
Why smiles my love?

Queen. As knowing one so fair,
With whom my pale cheek never durst compare.
Had you but seen my sister, you would say,
To her the blushing coral should give way,
For her cheek stains it: lilies to her brow
Must yield their ivory whiteness, and allow
Themselves o'ercome. If e'er you saw the sky,
When it was clear'st, it never could come nigh
Her azure veins in colour; she's much clearer,
Ay, and her love much to my father dearer.

King. We by our noble Marshal made request
For the most fair, and her whom he best lov'd:
Durst he delude us?

Queen. What I speak is true;
So will yourself say when she comes in place.

King. Our love to thee shall not o'ercome that hate
We owe thy father, though thou be'st our Queen.

Queen. He keeps her as his treasure, locks her safe
Within his arms: he only minded me
As one he lov'd not, but thought merely lost.

King. Thou'rt lost, indeed; for thou hast lost my heart,
Nor shalt thou keep it longer. All my love
Is swallowed in the spleen I bear thy father,
And in this deep disgrace put on his King,
Which we'll revenge.

Enter Prince, Princess, CHESTER, CLINTON, BONVILLE, *and* AUDLEY.

King. It shall be thus.—
Chester, bear hence this lady to her father,
As one unworthy us; with her that dower
The double dower he by his servant sent.—

Thy tears nor knee shall once prevail with us.
As thou art loyal, without further language
Depart our presence. We'll not hear thee speak.

Chest. What shall I farther say?

King. Command him, on his life, to send to Court
His other daughter, and at our first summons,
Lest we proclaim him traitor. This see done,
On thy allegiance.

Chest. Now the goal is ours. [*Aside, and exit.*]

King. None dare to censure or examine this,
That we shall hold our friend, or of our blood.
Subjects that dare against their Kings contend,
Hurl themselves down, whilst others high ascend.

[*Exeunt.*

ACTUS QUARTUS.

Enter the Marshal and his daughter KATHERINE.

Mar. I see the King is truly honourable.
All my disgraces and disparagements
He hath made good to me in this, to queen my child!
And, which more glads me, with such ardency
He seems to affect her and to hold her dear,
That nothing's valued, if compared with her.
Now, Heaven, whilst thou this second happiness
And bliss wilt lend me, I shall still grow great
In my content, opinion, and my fate,
In spite of whisperers and Court flatterers.

Kath. Had you best lov'd my sister, and less me,
I had been Queen before her; but she ventur'd
For her preferment, therefore 'tis her due.
Out of our fears and loves her honours grew.

Mar. Whilst I may keep thy beauty in mine eye,
And with her new rais'd fortunes fill mine ear,
I second none in bliss. She's my Court comfort,

Thou my home happiness: in these two blest,
Heaven hath enrich'd me with a crown of rest.

Kath. Nor do I covet greater royalties
Than to enjoy your presence and your love:
The best of these I prize above all fortunes,
Nor would I change them for my sister's state.

Mar. Her beauty and her virtues mix'd have won
The King my sovereign to be term'd my son.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Earl Chester, with the Queen, your princely daughter,
Are without train alighted at the gate,
And by this enter'd.

Mar. Thou hast troubled me,
And with a thousand thoughts at once perplex'd
My affrighted heart. Admit them: soft, not yet.
What might this mean? my daughter in the charge
Of him that is my greatest opposite,
And without train such as becomes a Queen!
More tempest towards, Kate; from which, sweet child,
If I may keep thee, may it on my head
Pour all his wrath, even till it strike me dead.

Kath. Rather, my lord, your royal life to free,
All his stern fury let him shower on me.

Serv. My lord, shall I admit them?

Mar. Prithee, stay.—
Fate threatens us: I would devise a means
To shun it if we might.—Thou shalt withdraw,
[*To his Daughter.*
And not be seen: something we must devise
To guard ourselves, and stand our opposites.
Go keep your chamber.—Now let Chester in.
[*Exit* KATHERINE.

Serv. I shall, my lord.

Mar. My loyalty for me: that keep me still;
A tower of safety, and a shield 'gainst fate.

Enter the Servant, ushering CHESTER *and the Queen.*

Chest. The King thy daughter hath in scorn sent back.
Mar. Pause there; and, as y'are noble, answer me,
Ere you proceed, but to one question.
Chest. Propound it.
Mar. Whence might this distaste arise?
From any loose demeanour, wanton carriage,
Spouse-breach, or disobedience in my daughter?
If so, I'll not receive her; she's not mine.
Queen. That let mine enemy speak, for in this kind
I would be tax'd by such.
Chest. Upon my soul,
There is no guilt in her.
Mar. Be't but his humour,
Th' art welcome, both my daughter and my Queen!
In this my palace thou shalt reign alone:
I'll keep thy state, and make these arms thy throne.
Whilst thou art chaste, thy style with thee shall stay,
And reign, though none but I and mine obey.—
What can you farther speak?
Chest. Her double dower
The King returns thee.
Mar. We accept it; see,
It shall maintain her port, even with her name:
Being my King's wife, so will I love his grace,
She shall not want, will double this maintain her.
Chest. Being thus discharg'd of her, I from the King
Command thee send thy fairer girl to Court;
She that's at home, with her to act his pleasure.

Mar. Sir, you were sent to challenge, not to kill.
These are not threats, but blows: they wound! they wound!
Chest. If treason's imputation thou wilt shun,
And not incur the forfeit of thy life,
Let the King's will take place.
Mar. You have my offices,
Would you had now my grief! but that alone
I must endure: would thou hadst both, or none!
Sentence of death, when it is mildly spoke,
Half promises life; but when your doom you mix
With such rough threats, what is't but twice to kill?
You tyrannize, Earl Chester.
Chest. Will you send her?
Mar. That you shall know anon.—Tell me, my Queen,
How grew this quarrel 'tween the King and thee?
Queen. By you was never lady more belov'd,
Or wife more constant than I was to him.
Have you forgot your charge? when I perceiv'd
Myself so grown, I could no longer hide
My greatness, I began to speak the beauties
Of my fair sister, and how much she excell'd,
And that you sent me thither as a jest;
That she was fairest, and you lov'd her best.
Mar. Enough! th' art sure with child, and near thy time?
Queen. Nothing more sure than that.
Mar. From hence shall grow
A salve for all our late indignities.—
Pray do my humble duty to the King,
And thus excuse me: that my daughter's sick,
Crazed, and weak, and that her native beauty
Is much decay'd; and should she travel now,
Before recover'd, 'twould engage her life

To too much danger: when she hath ability
And strength to journey, I will send her safe
Unto my King: this, as I am a subject,
And loyal to his Highness.

Chest. Your excuse
Hath ground, from love and reason. This your answer
I shall return to the King.

Mar. With all my thanks
That, since my daughter doth distaste his bed,
He hath sent her back, and home to me, her father.
His pleasure I withstand not, but return
My zeal; and these do not forget, I pray.

Chest. I shall your words have perfect, and repeat them
Unto the King.

Mar. I should disgrace her beauty
To send it maim'd and waning; but when she
Attains her perfectness, then shall appear
The brightest star fix'd in your courtly sphere.

Chest. The King shall know as much. [*Exit.*

Mar. It is my purpose,
All my attempts to this one head to draw,
Once more in courtesies to o'ercome the King.—
Come, beauteous Queen, and thy fair sister cheer,
Whom this sad news will both amaze and fear.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Captain BONVILLE *in all his bravery, and his man in a new livery.*

Capt. Sirrah, are all my lands out of mortgage, and my deeds redeem'd?

Clown. I cannot tell that, sir; but we have had whole chestfuls of writings brought home to our house.

Capt. Why, then, 'tis done: I am possess'd again
Of all my father's ancient revenues.

Clown. But how came you by all this money to buy these new suits? methinks we are not the men we were.

Capt. Questionless that; for now those, that before despis'd us and our company, at meeting give us the *bon-jour*.

Oh, Heaven! thou ever art virtue's sole patron,
And wilt not let it sink. All my known fortunes
I had engag'd at home, or spent abroad;
But in the wars, when I was held quite bankrupt
Of all good hap, it was my chance to quarter
In such a house, when we had sack'd a town,
That yielded me inestimable store
Of gold and jewels: those I kept till now,
Unknown to any, pleading poverty,
Only to try the humour of my friends;
Which I have prov'd, and now know how to find
Fix'd upon wealth, to want unnatural—

Enter MATCH *and* TOUCH-BOX.

Clown. See, sir; yonder are my old fellows, Match and Touch-box. I do not think but they come to offer their service to you.

Touch. Save thee, noble Captain. Hearing of thy good fortunes and advancement, I am come to offer myself to be partaker of the same, and to follow thee in the same colours that thou hast suited the rest of thy servants.

Clown. God-a-mercy, horse! you shall not stand to my livery.

Match. You see, our old clothes stick by us still, good Captain: see us new moulded.

Capt. You are flies: away! They that my winter fled,
Shall not my summer taste. They only merit
A happy harbour, that through stormy seas

Hazard their barks, not they that sail with ease.
You taste none of my fortunes.

Clown. Corporal, you see this livery: if you had stayed by it, we had been both cut out of a piece. Match, if you had not left us, you had been one of this guard. Go away; betake you to the end of the town; let me find you between Woods close-stile and Islington, with "Will it please your worship to bestow the price of two cans upon a poor soldier, that hath serv'd in the face of the Soldan?" and so forth. *Apage!* away! I scorn to be fellow to any that will leave their masters in adversity: if he entertain you, he shall turn away me, that's certain.

Match. Then, good your worship, bestow something upon a poor soldier, I protest——

Clown. Lo! I have taught him his lesson already. I knew where I should have you?

Capt. There's first to make you beggars; for to that
All such must come that leave their masters poor.
Begone, and never let me see you more.

Touch. God be with you, good Captain.—Come, Match, let us betake us to our rendezvous at some out end of the city. [*Exeunt.*

Capt. He makes a beggar first, that first relieves him.
Not usurers make more beggars where they live,
Than charitable men that use to give.

Clown. Here comes a lord.

Enter Lord CLINTON.

Clin. I am glad to see you, sir.

Capt. You know me now! Your worship's wondrous wise;
You could not know me in my last disguise.

Clin. Lord God! you were so chang'd.

Capt. So am I now

From what I was of late. You can allow
This habit well, but put my other on,
No congey then; your lordship must be gone.
You are my summer friend.

Enter Lord BONVILLE.

Bon. Cousin, well met.
Capt. You should have said well found,
For I was lost but late; dead, under ground
Our kindred was: when I redeem'd my land,
They both reviv'd, and both before you stand.
Bon. Well, well, I know you now.
Capt. And why not then?
I am the same, without all difference: when
You saw me last, I was as rich, as good,
Have no additions since of name or blood;
Only because I wore a threadbare suit,
I was not worthy of a poor salute.
A few good clothes put on with small ado,
Purchase your knowledge, and your kindred too.
You are my silken uncle.

Enter Lord AUDLEY *and his Daughter, Lady* MARY.

Oh, my lord! you are not in haste now?
Aud. I have time to stay
To ask you how you do, being glad to hear
Of your good fortune, your repurchas'd lands,
And state much amplified.
Capt. All this is true:
Ay, but, my lord, let me examine you.
Remember you a contract that once pass'd
Betwixt me and your daughter? here she stands.
Aud. Sir, since you did unmortgage all your means,
It came into my thoughts: trust me, before
I could not call't to mind.

Capt. Oh, men's weak strength,
That aim at worlds, when they but their mere length
Must at their end enjoy!—Thou, then, art mine,
Of all that I have prov'd in poverty,
The only test of virtue!—What are these?
Though they be lords, but worldlings, men all earth:
Thou art above them—virtuous, that's divine;
Only thy heart is noble, therefore mine.

L. Mary. And to be yours, is to be what I wish.
You were to me as welcome in your rags
As in these silks. I never did examine
The outside of a man, but I begin
To censure first of that which grows within.

Capt. Only for that I love thee! These are lords
That have bought titles. Men may merchandize
Wares, ay, and traffic all commodities
From sea to sea, ay, and from shore to shore,
But in my thoughts, of all things that are sold,
'Tis pity honour should be bought for gold.
It cuts off all desert.

Enter the Host.

Clown. Master, who's here? mine host of the ordinary!

Capt. Your business, sir? what! by petition?

Host. Fallen to a little decay by trusting, and knowing your worship ever a bountiful young gentleman, I make bold to make my wants first known to you.

Capt. Pray what's your suit?

Host. Only for a cast suit, or some small remuneration.

Capt. And thou shalt have the suit I last put off.—Fetch it me, Cock.

Cock. I shall, sir. [*Exit.*

Capt. Fallen to decay? I'll fit you in your kind.

Re-enter COCK.

Cock. I have a suit to you, sir; and this it is.

Capt. In this suit came I to thine ordinary,
In this thou wouldst have thrust me out of doors,
Therefore with this, that then proclaim'd me poor,
I'll salve thy wants, nor will I give thee more.
Base worldlings! that despise all such as need,
Who to the needy beggar are still dumb,
Not knowing unto what themselves may come.

Host. I have a cold suit on't, if I be forc'd to wear it in winter.—I bid your worship farewell. [*Exit.*

Clown. So should all that keep ordinaries bid their guests farewell, though their entertainment be never so ill. Well, sir, I take you but for an ordinary fellow, and so I leave you.—Master, who will not say that you are a brave fellow, and a most noble Captain, that with a word or two can discomfit a host.

Capt. I know you, therefore know to rate your worths
Both to their height and depth, their true dimensions
I understand; for I have tried them all.—
But thou art of another element,
A mirror of thy sex, that canst distinguish
Virtue from wealth; thee as my own I elect,
And these according to themselves despise.
A courtier henceforth I myself profess,
And thee my wife: thou hast deserv'd no less.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter the King, the Prince and the Princess, and CHESTER.

King. No news yet from our Marshal? We three months
Have stay'd his leisure, but receive not yet
That daughter we sent for.

Prince. She, peradventure,
Hath not her strength recover'd, or her beauty,
Lost by her sickness, to the full regain'd.
Chest. Upon my life, my lord, when she is perfect,
And hath receiv'd her full ability,
She shall attend your pleasure.
Princess. But your Queen,
That virtuous lady, when I think on her,
I can but grieve at her dejectedness.
King. Heaven knows I love her above all the world;
And but her father thus contends with us,
When we in all our actions strive to exceed,
We could not brook her absence half so long.
But we will try his patience to the full.

Enter Lords BONVILLE, CLINTON, *and* AUDLEY, *Captain* BONVILLE, *Lady* MARY, *and the Clown.*

Capt. My prostrate duty to the King, my master,
I here present.
Prince. This is the gentleman,
Commended for his valour in your wars,
Whose ruin'd fortunes I made suit to raise:
I would entreat your Highness to respect him.
King. All his proceedings we partake at large,
Know both his fall and height: we shall regard him
Even with his worth: be near us, of our chamber.
Sir, we shall use your wisdom, and prefer it
According to your worth. Be this your hope,
We know you.
Capt. Only in that I am happy.

Enter the Servant.

Serv. Health to your Majesty.
King. Whence?
Serv. From my master;

The poorest subject that your land contains,
Rich only in his truth and loyalty.

King. Speak, hath he sent his daughter?

Serv. Yes, my liege,
He hath sent his daughters: please you rest satisfied,
And patiently peruse what he hath sent.

King. We are full of expectations: pray admit
Those presents that he means to greet us with.

Serv. You shall, my lord.

Sound. Enter, with two Gentlemen-ushers before them, the Queen, crown'd, her sister KATHERINE *to attend her as her waiting-maid, with a train.*

Serv. Your Queen and wife, crown'd with a wreath of gold
Of his own charge; with that, this double dower
Doubled again, and guarded with this train
Of gentlewomen, according to her state,
My lord presents you. This, his younger daughter,
He hath bestow'd a handmaid to your Queen,
A place that may become her, were she child
Unto your greatest peer: had he had more,
More had he sent; these, worthless as they be,
He humbly craves you would receive by me.

King. His bounty hath no limit. But my Queen!
Her bright aspect so much persuades with me,
It charms me more than his humility.—
Arise in grace, and, sweet, forget your wrong.

Queen. My joys unspeakable can find no tongue
To express my true heart's meaning.

King. Beauteous maid,
You are our sister, and that royal title
From all disgrace your freedom shall proclaim.

Kath. I find your grace the same my noble father
Hath still reported you—royal in all;
By whom the virtuous rise, th' ignoble fall.

Prince. I have not seen a lady more complete;
Her modesty and beauty, both are matchless.
King. Am I a King, and must be exceeded still?
Or shall a subject say that we can owe?
His bounty we will equal, and exceed:
We have power to better what in him's but well.—
Your free opinions, lords—is not this lady
The fairer of the twain? How durst our subject,
Then, dally with us in that high design?
Chest. With pardon of the Queen, she's parallel'd
By her fair sister.
Clin. Were my censure free,
I durst say better'd.
Prince. Were it put to me,
I should avow she not the Queen alone
Excels in grace, but all that I have seen——
King. Dost love her?
Prince. As my honour, or my life.
King. Her whom thou so much praisest, take to wife.
Prince. You bless my youth.
Kath. And strive to eternize me.
Queen. Nor in this joy have I the meanest part.
Now doth your grace your inward love express
To me and mine.
King. I never meant thee less.
Thy sister and thy daughter freely embrace,
That next thee hath our kingdom's second place.—
How say you, lords, have we requited well
Our subject's bounty? are we in his debt?
Aud. Your Highness is in courtesy invincible.
Bon. And bountiful beyond comparison.
Chest. (*aside to Clinton.*) This must not hold: prevention out of hand;
For if the Marshal rise, we stand not long.

Clin. Our wits must then to work.
Chest. They must, of force:
This is not that to which our fortunes trust.
King. Let, then, our subject know his King hath power
To vanquish him in all degrees of honour,
And he must now confess himself excell'd.
With what can heaven or earth his want supply
To equal this our latest courtesy?
We have the day; we rise, and he must fall,
As one subdued.
Serv. His Highness knows not all:
One special gift he hath reserv'd in store,
May haply make your Grace contend no more.
King. No, sir! think you your master will yet yield,
And leave to us the honour of the day?
I wish him here but this last sight to see,
To make him us acknowledge.
Serv. On my knee
One boon I have to beg.
King. Speak; let me know
Thy utmost suit.
Serv. My noble master stays
Not far from Court, and durst he be so ambitious,
As but to appear before you, and present you
With a rich gift, exceeding all have past,
The only perfect token of his zeal,
He would himself perpetually hold vanquish'd
In all degrees of love and courtesy.
King. For our Queen's love, and our fair daughter's sake,
We do not much care if we grant him that.
Admit him, and his presence urge with speed.
Well may he imitate, but not exceed.

Chest. (*aside to Clinton.*) I fear our fall: if once the Marshal rise,
Down, down must we.

Clin. Therefore, devise some plot
His favour to prevent.

Chest. Leave it to me.

King. Lords, we are proud of this our unity,
Double alliance, of our son's fair choice,
Since 'tis applauded by your general voice:
The rather since so matchless is our grace,
That, force perforce, our subject must give place.

Enter the Marshal, with a rich Cradle borne after him by two Servants.

Mar. Not to contend, but to express a duty
Of zeal and homage, I present your grace
With a rich jewel, which can only value
These royal honours to my daughters done.

King. Value our bounty? Shouldst thou sell thyself
Even to thy skin, thou couldst not rate it truly.

Mar. My liege, I cannot; but in lieu and part,
Though not in satisfaction, I make bold
To tender you this present.

King. What's the project?—
Here's cost and art, and amply both express'd;
I have not view'd the like.

Prince. 'Tis wondrous rare!
I have not seen a model richlier fram'd.

Princess. Or, for the quantity, better contriv'd.
This lord in all his actions is still noble,
Exceeding all requital.

King. 'Tis a brave outside.

Mar. This that you see, my lord, is nothing yet;
More than its worth it hath commended been.
This is the case; the jewel lies within:
Pleaseth your grace t' unveil it.

King. Yes, I will:
But ere I open it, my lord, I doubt
The wealth within not equals that without.
What have we here?
Mar. A jewel I should rate,
Were it mine own, above your crown and sceptre.
King. A child!
Mar. A Prince, one of your royal blood.
Behold him, King, my grandchild and thy son;
Truly descended from thy Queen and thee,
The image of thyself.
King. How can this be?
Queen. My royal liege and husband, view him well.
If your own favour you can call to mind,
Behold it in this infant, limn'd to the life:
He's yours and mine; no kindred can be nearer.
King. To this rich jewel I hold nothing equal.
I know thee virtuous, and thy father loyal;
But should I doubt both, yet this royal infant
Hath such affection in my heart impress'd,
That it assures him mine.—My noble subject,
Thou hast at length o'ercome me, and I now
Shall ever, ever, hold me vanquished!
Hadst thou sought earth or sea, and from them both
Extracted that which was most precious held,
Thou nothing couldst have found to equal this,
This, the mix'd image of my Queen and me!
Here, then, shall all my emulation end,
O'ercome by thee, our subject and our friend.
Mar. Your vassal and your servant, that have strove
Only to love you and your royal favours;
Not to requite, for that I never can,
But to acknowledge, and in what I may
To express my gratitude.
King. Thine is the conquest;

But shall I give't o'er thus? 'tis in my head
How I this lost day's honour shall regain.
A gift as great, as rich, I have in store,
With which to gratify our subject's love,
And of a value unrequitable.
Thou hast given me a grandchild and a son,
A royal infant, and to me most dear,
Yet, to surpass thee in this emulous strife,
I give thee here a daughter and a wife.
Now must thou needs confess the conquest won
By me, thy King, thy father, and thy son.

Mar. Your father, son, and subject, quite surpass'd,
Yields himself vanquish'd and o'ercome at length.

Princess. You have not my consent yet.

Mar. Madam, no;
The King doth this, his bounty to express:
Your love is to yourself, and therefore free;
Bestow it where you please.

Princess. Why, then, on thee.
He that the father doth so much respect,
Should not, methinks, the daughter's love despise.
'Tis good for maids take husbands when they may;
Heaven knows how long we may be forc'd to stay.

King. Now, lords, these nuptials we will solemnize
In all high state; in which we will include
Yours, noble Bonville, and with masks and revels
Sport out the tedious nights. Each hand his bride,
Doubly by us from either part ally'd. [*Exeunt King, &c.*

Manet COCK, *the Clown.*

Cock. Why, this is as it should be. Now do I smell courtier already: I feel the soldier steal out of me by degrees; for soldier and courtier can hardly dwell both together in one bosom. I have a kind of fawning humour creeping upon me as soon as I but look'd into

the Court gate; and now could I take a bribe, if any would be so foolish to give 't me. Now farewell, gunpowder, I must change thee into damask-powder; for if I offer but to smell like a soldier, the courtiers will stop their noses when they pass by me. My casque I must change to a cap and a feather, my bandiliero to a scarf to hang my sword in, and, indeed, fashion myself wholly to the humours of the time. My piece I must alter to a poinado, and my pike to a pickadevant: only this is my comfort, that our provant will be better here in the Court than in the camp: there we did use to lie hard, and seldom; here I must practise to lie extremely, and often. But, whilst I am trifling here, I shall lose the sight of the solemnity: the Prince is married, and the Marshal's married, and my master's married; there will be simple doings at night. Well, I must hence; for I believe the King, the Queen, and the rest of the lords, will use this place for their revels. *Dixi.* [*Exit.*

ACTUS QUINTUS.

Enter Lords CLINTON *and* CHESTER.

Clin. And why so sad, my lord?
Chest. I am all dulness;
There's no life in me; I have lost my spirit,
And fluence of my brain. Observe you not
In what a height yon fellow now resides,
That was so late dejected; trebly grafted
Into the royal blood? What can succeed,
But that we all our honours must resign,
And he of them be repossess'd again?
Clin. The marriages, indeed, are celebrated.
Chest. And they have all our pointed stratagems
Turn'd back upon ourselves.
Clin. What! no prevention?

Chest. His bases are so fix'd, he cannot shrink,
Being so many ways engraft and planted
In the King's blood; but our supporters stand
As shak't with earthquakes, or else built on sand.

Enter Lords AUDLEY *and* BONVILLE.

Aud. My lords, attend the King, and clear this chamber:
For this night's revels 'tis the place prepar'd.
Bon. Your duties, lords: the King's upon his entrance.

Enter the King, the Queen, the Prince, his wife, the Marshal, and the Princess, Lords, &c.

King. Ay, so 't must be; each man hand his own,
For I am where I love: we are even coupled.
Some music, then!
Princess. Here's one falls off from me.
King. How now, my lord, dejected in your looks,
Or do our sports distaste you?
Mar. Pardon me,
I cannot dance, my liege.
King. You can look on.—
My lord, you take his place, we'll have a measure,
And I will lead it.—Bid the music strike.

[*A measure: in the midst the Marshal goes discontented away.*

So; well done, ladies: but we miss the husband
To our fair daughter; what's become of him?
Chest. Gone discontented hence.
King. What might this mean?
Doth he distaste his bride, or envy us,
That are degreed above him?—Where's our Queen?
Queen. My liege?
King. You shall unto him instantly,
Attended with a beauteous train of ladies,

And to his chamber bear his princely bride.
Bonville, take you her royal dower along;
You shall receive it of our Treasurer.

Capt. I shall, my lord.

King. Usher the Queen and ladies; be their guide:
That done, each one to bed with his fair bride.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Marshal.

Mar. I am so high, that when I look but down,
To see how far the earth is under me,
It quakes my body, and quite chills my blood;
And in my fear, although I stand secure,
I am like him that falls. I but a subject,
Am married to the daughter of the King!
Though some may think me happy in this match,
To me 'tis fearful. Who would have a wife
Above him in command, to embrace with awe,
Whom to displease is to distaste the King?
It is to have a mistress, not a wife,
A Queen, and not a subject's bed-fellow.
State I could wish abroad to crown my head,
But never yet lov'd empire in my bed.

Enter Servant.

Serv. The Queen, your daughter, with your princely bride,
And other ladies, make way towards your chamber.

Mar. 'Tis open to receive them; pray them in.

Enter Captain BONVILLE, *the Queen, the Princess, &c.*

Queen. My lord, the King commends his love to you
In your fair bride, whom, royally conducted,
He hath sent to be the partner of your bed.

Mar. Whom we receive in the arms of gratitude;
Duty to him, and nuptial love to her.

Princess. 'Tis well they brought me: trust me, my dear lord,
I should have scarce had face to have come myself;
But yet their boldness, mix'd with mine together,
Makes me to venture I yet scarce know whither.

Mar. 'Tis to our nuptial bed.

Princess. Ay, so they say;
But unto me it is a path unknown.
Yet that which cheers me, I shall do no more
Than those, and such as I, have done before.
Sure 'tis a thing that must, though without skill.
Even when you please; I am ready for your will.

Capt. With her the King hath sent this princely dower,
In which his love and bounty he commends.

Mar. You are noble, sir, and honour waits on you,
To crown your future fortunes: for that casket,
Her beauty and her birth are dower sufficient
For me, a subject.
I cannot think so much good to my King
As I am owing for her single self:
Then, with all duty pray return that sum.
Her dower is in herself, and that I'll keep,
Which in these loyal arms this night shall sleep.
That is the King's, with that this jewel too.
I think her cheap, bought at that easy rate:
My second duty in that gift commend;
Were I worth more, more I have will to send.

Capt. An emperor cannot show more royalty
Than this brave peer: he's all magnificent.—
I shall, with the best eloquence I have,
Make known your thoughts.

Mar. To all at once, good night.
Save this, my beauteous bride, no wealth I prize
That hath my heart took captive in her eyes.

Lights for the Queen and ladies! night grows old.
I count my virtue treasure, not my gold.
[*Exeunt divers ways.*

Enter CLINTON *to* CHESTER *in his study.*

Clin. What! not at rest, my lord?
Chest. Why, who can sleep
That hath a labouring brain, and sees from far
So many storms and tempests threaten him?
It is not in my element to do't.
Clin. Find you no project yet how to remove him?
Chest. None, none; and therefore can I find no rest.
Clin. It grows towards day.
Chest. That day is night to me,
Whilst yon sun shines. I had this even some conference
In private with the King, in which I urg'd
The Marshal's discontent; withal inferr'd,
That by his look the Princess he despis'd.
The King chang'd face; and could we second this
By any new conjecture, there were hope
To draw him in displeasure.
Clin. Watch advantage,
And, as you find the humour of the King,
Work it unto the Marshal's deep disgrace.
But soft, the Prince.

Enter the Prince and KATHERINE.

Kath. So early up! how did you like your rest?
Prince. I found my most rest in my most unrest:
A little sleep serves a new married man,
The first night of his bridals. I have made you
A woman of a maid.
Kath. You were up both late and early.
Prince. Why, you were abroad
Before the sun was up; and the most wise

Do say 'tis healthful still betimes to rise.—
Good day.

Chest. In one, ten thousand.

Prince. Lords, you have not seen
The King to-day? It was his custom ever
Still to be stirring early with the sun.
But here's his Majesty.

Enter Captain BONVILLE *and the King; Lords* AUDLEY *and* BONVILLE.

King. Not all your smooth and cunning oratory
Can colour so his pride, but we esteem him
A flattering traitor; one that scorns our love,
And in disdain sent back our daughter's dower.—
Your judgment, lords?

Chest. Hath he refus'd the Princess?

King. No; but her dower sent back, and insolently.
Her whom we gave, he with a gift would buy—
A jewel: shall we merchandize our daughter,
As one not able to bestow her nobly,
But that our poverty must force us sell her?

Capt. Your Highness much mispriseth his intent,
For he had no such thought.

King. We know his pride,
Which his ambition can no longer shadow.

Chest. Your Highness might do well to call in question
His insolence, and to arraign him for't.

King. Be you his judges, Bonville, Audley, you.—
Command him straight, on his allegiance,
To make appearance, and to answer us
Before our lords of his contempt and scorn.

Bon. Shall we command him hither?

King. From his bed;
And if convicted, he shall surely pay for't.

Aud. We shall, my lord.

Chest. Arraign him on the sudden, ere provided:
Let him not dream upon evasive shifts,
But take him unprepared.

Clin. Shall we command
A bar, and call a jury of his peers,
Whilst Chester, that enjoys the place of Marshal,
Objects such allegations 'gainst his life
As he hath drawn out of his rude demeanour?

King. It shall be so; a bar, and instantly.
We will our self in person hear him speak,
And see what just excuse he can produce
For his contempt.

Prince. My gracious lord and father,
What he hath done to you proceeds of honour,
Not of disdain, or scorn; he's truly noble:
And if a regal bounty be a sin
In any subject, he is only guilty
Of that true virtue.

Capt. Saw your Majesty
With what a humble zeal, and prostrate love,
He did re-tender your fair daughter's dower?
You would not his intent thus misreceive.

Chest. 'Tis humble pride, and mere hypocrisy
To blind the King: 'tis but ambitious zeal,
And a dissembling cunning to aspire.

Kath. My father call'd in question for his life?
Oh! let not me a sad spectator be
Of such a dismal object.

Prince. Nor will I;
But leave them to their hated cruelty.

King. This is no place for ladies; we allow
Her absence: of the rest, let none depart
Till we have search'd the cunning of his heart.

A Bar set out; the King and CHESTER, *with* CLINTON *and the Prince, and Captain* BONVILLE, *take their seats: Lords* AUDLEY *and* BONVILLE *bring him to the Bar, as out of his bed; then take their seats.*

Mar. A bar, a judgment seat, and jury set!
Yet cannot all this daunt our innocence.
Chest. You have disloyally sought to exceed
The King your sovereign; and his royal deeds
To blemish: which your fellow peers thus conster—
That, strengthen'd by th' alliance of the King,
And better armed by the people's love,
You may prove dangerous.
In policy of state, to quench the sparks
Before they grow to flame, and top your height,
Before your spacious branches spread too far,
What to this general motion can you say,
Before we tax you with particulars?
Mar. With reverence to the State 'fore which I stand,
That you, my Lord of Chester, appear shallow,
To think my actions can disgrace the King's.
As if the lustre of a petty star
Should with the moon compare. Alas! my deeds,
Conferr'd with his, are like a candle's light
To outshine the mid-day's glory. Can the King,
The glorious mirror of all gratitude,
Condemn that virtue in another's bosom
Which in his own shines so transparently?
Oh, pardon me! mere virtue is my end,
Whose pitch the King doth many times transcend.
Clin. To tax you more succinctly, you have first
Abus'd the King, in sending to the Court
Your daughter less fair, and the least belov'd.
Aud. And that includes contempt most barbarous,

Which you in that, unsubject-like, express'd.
Your former emulations we omit,
As things that may find tolerable excuse,
And are, indeed, not matters capital.
But to the best and greatest: when the King,
Out of his bounty and magnificence,
Vouchsaf'd to style thee with the name of son,
Being but a subject, with contorted brows
And looks of scorn you took his courtesy,
And in contempt sent back the Princess' dower.

Chest. Most true; a grounded proposition
To question you of life.

Mar. My life, my lords?
It pleases me, that the King in person deigns
To grace my cause with his majestic ear:
You plead for me in this, and speak my excuse.
I have but two in all:
He sent for one, and he receiv'd them both;
With them a sweet and lovely Prince to boot.
Whoever lost, I am sure the King hath won
At once a wife, a daughter, and a son.

Bon. 'Tis true, my Lord: we all can witness it.

Mar. He that my discontent objects to me,
With the fair Princess, speaks uncertainly.
The man judicious such for fools allows,
As have their inward hearts drawn in their brows.
Is there in all that bench a man so honest,
That can in this be discontent with me?
I charge you all; those favours I receive
From his high Majesty, I swallow not
With greedy appetite, perhaps, like you:
When I am grac'd, it comes with awe and fear,
Lest I offend that prince that holds me dear.
That for my brow.

Chest. But for your scornful sending

Of the fair Princess' dower back to the King,
How can you answer that?
Mar. Why, Chester, thus.
I am a man, though subject: if the meanest
Lord o'er his wife, why should that privilege
Be only barr'd me? Should I wive an empress,
And take her dowerless, should we love, or hate,
In that my bounty equals her estate?
Witness that Judge above you, I esteem
The Princess dearly, and yet married her
But as my wife, for which I am infinitely
Bound to the King. Why should I grow engag'd
Above my power, since this, my lord, you know,
The less we run in debt, the less we owe?
Give me my thoughts, and score you on, I pray:
I wish no more than I have means to pay.
Chest. Shall we, my lord, his actions censure freely?
King. And sentence them.
Aud. A Persian history
I read of late, how the great Sophy, once
Flying a noble falcon at the heron,
In comes by chance an eagle sousing by,
Which when the hawk espies, leaves her first game,
And boldly ventures on the king of birds.
Long tugg'd they in the air, till at the length
The falcon, better breath'd, seiz'd on the eagle,
And struck it dead. The barons prais'd the bird,
And for her courage she was peerless held.
The Emperor, after some deliberate thoughts,
Made him no less: he caus'd a crown of gold
To be new fram'd, and fitted to her head,
In honour of her courage. Then the bird,
With great applause, was to the market-place
In triumph borne, where, when her utmost worth
Had been proclaim'd, the common executioner

First by the King's command took off her crown,
And after with a sword struck off her head,
As one no better than a noble traitor
Unto the king of birds.

Chest. This use we make
From this your ancient Persian history—
That you, a noble and a courteous peer,
Prais'd for your hospital virtues and high bounty,
Shall be first crown'd with laurel, to your worth;
But since you durst against your sovereign
Oppose yourself, you, by your pride misled,
Shall as a noble traitor lose your head.

King. That sentence we confirm; and it shall stand
Irrevocable by our straight command.

Mar. I am glad, my liege, I have a life yet left,
In which to show my bounty: even in that
I will be liberal, and spend it for you.
Take it; 'tis the last jewel that I have;
In lieu of which, oh! grant me but a grave.

King. A laurel wreath, a scaffold, and a block!
Ourself will see the execution done:
Only thy life is ours; thy goods are free.

Mar. My lord, you are the life of courtesy,
And you are kind unto me above measure,
To give away what might enrich yourself.
Since they are mine, I will bestow them thus:
The best of those that were so late but yours,
My jewels, I, by will, restore you back;
You shall receive them separate from the rest.—
To you, the King's son, and by marriage mine,
On you I will bestow my armoury,
Stables of horse, and weapons for the wars:
I know you love a soldier.—To the Princess
And my two daughters I give equal portions
From my revenue; but if my fair wife

Prove and produce a male child, him I make
My universal heir; but if a female,
Her dower is with the rest proportionable.
The next I give, it is my soul to Heaven,
Where my Creator reigns. My words thus end,
Body to earth, my soul to Heaven ascend.

Enter the Queen, KATHERINE, *the Princess, and Lady* MARY.

Princess. Stay!
Queen. Hold!
Kath. Executioner, forbear!
Queen. Hear me, a daughter, for a father plead.
Princess. Oh, father! hear me for my husband's life:
Doubly allied, I am his niece and wife.
Kath. Oh, father! hear me, for a father crave.
Queen. Than sentence him, oh! let me perish rather:
I plead for him that's both my son and father.
Kath. Oh! make your mercy to this prisoner free.
Queen. Father to us.
Princess. And husband unto me.
King. Hence with these womanish clamours!
Prince. Unto these
Let me, my liege, presume to add another:
Behold him kneel that is your son and brother.
Kath. Your sister and your daughter, great King, hear.
Princess. Your mother and your daughter.
Queen. Or, like dear,
Your Queen and sister.
Princess. Speak! what hath he done?
Prince. Who ever saw a father on a son
Give sentence? or, my royal lord, which rather
Adds to your guilt, a son condemn the father?

Chest. My liege, command them hence: they but disturb
The traitor in his death.
King. A traitor's he
That dares so term him: Chester, we mean thee.—
Our best of subjects, with our height of grace
We wed thee to us in this strict embrace.
Thy virtues, bounties, envied courtesies;
Thy courage, and thy constancy in death;
Thy love and loyalty, to the end continued,
More than their clamorous importunities,
Prevail with us: then, as our best and greatest,
Not to exceed, but equal thee in love,
To end between us this heroic strife,
Accept what we most precious hold, thy life.
Mar. Which as your gift I'll keep, till Heaven and Nature
Confine it hence, and always it expose
Unto your love and service. I never lov'd it,
But since 'twas yours, and by your gift now mine.
King. I observe in thee
The substance of all perfect loyalty—
In you, save flattery, envy, hate, and pride,
Nothing, or aught to goodness that's allied:
Resign those places that belong to him;
Better than so born noble, be unborn.
Till you your hearts can fashion to your faces,
We here suspend you from your styles and places.
Prince. A royal doom.
King. Once more from us receive
Thy beauteous bride, as we will hand our Queen:
The Prince already is possess'd of his.—
Nay, Bonville, as your bridals were together,
So follow in your rank, and by the style
Of a Lord Baron: you are now no less,

If you dare take our word.—Our funerals thus
We'll turn to feasting, and our blood to wines
Of most choice taste, press'd from the purest grape.
Our noble Marshal, kinsman, and our friend,
In our two virtues after times shall sing,
A Loyal Subject, and a Royal King.

The Epilogue to the Reader.

That this play's old, 'tis true; but now, if any
Should for that cause despise it, we have many
Reasons, both just and pregnant, to maintain
Antiquity, and those, too, not all vain.
We know (and not long since) there was a time,
Strong lines were not look'd after; but if rhyme,
Oh! then 'twas excellent: who but believes,
But doublets, with stuff'd bellies, and big sleeves,
And those trunk-hose which now the age doth scorn,
Were all in fashion, and with frequence worn?
And what's now out of date, who is't can tell,
But it may come in fashion, and suit well?
With rigour, therefore, judge not, but with reason,
Since what you read was fitted to that season.

FINIS.

NOTES

TO

THE ROYAL KING, AND THE ROYAL SUBJECT.

Page 5, line 16, Opposite hatred.] "Opposite hatred" means the hatred of opposites, or *enemies*, a sense the word often bears in our old poets: it occurs again in the next line but two—"Girt with the opposite ranks of Infidels." It cannot be necessary to cite instances, many of which may be found in Shakespeare, and a striking one on p. 56 of the present play.

Page 6, line 20, Operant parts.] This passage is quoted by Steevens, is a note on Hamlet, act iii., sc. 2, to show that the meaning of "operant" is *active*.

Page 7, line 6, With double use.] With double *interest*, or usance.

Page 10, line 2, *Manent* Chester and Clinton.] The old stage-direction is merely *Exeunt;* but it is necessary to mention that Chester and Clinton only remain on the stage.

Page 10, line 28, Ay, and hyperbolize in all his deeds.] The most usual mode of spelling "Ay," in our old dramatists, is by the letter I, used as an interjection; but Heywood's printer in this play has adopted a new mode—*Ey*.

Page 11, line 7, our farther plots disgest.] In our old writers, "disgest" is a word that is often used for *digest*. It occurs, among others, in Webster and Middleton, but it is not necessary to quote the passages.

Page 11, line 18, Follow him straight.] Misprinted, in the old copy, "*Hollow* him straight."

Page 13, line 26, To Birchin Lane first, to have suited us.] Birchin Lane was principally famous, at this time, for shops where clothes were sold: see Cunningham's "Handbook of London," p. 55, 2nd edit., where many authorities on the point are collected.

Page 14, line 4, Enter Captain Bonville.] The stage-direction in the old copy is merely "Enter Captain;" but Captain Bonville is intended.

Page 15, line 26, Audley, Bonville, and Captain Bonville.] In the old copy, nothing is said in the stage-direction respecting Captain Bonville, who is kinsman to Lord Bonville.

Page 18, line 8, Nay; you would be going too.] Addressed to his relative, Lord Bonville.

Page 18, line 23, Whither wilt thou?] A proverbial expression, occurring in various old writers. Steevens quotes the passage in the text in his note upon "As You Like It," act iv., sc. 1. See also Dyce's Middleton, iii., 611.

Page 18, line 28, I have the wit to buy.] In the old copy this has the prefix of "Cap," but it evidently belongs to Lord Bonville.

Page 20, line 25, Exeunt Corporal and Match.] This necessary stage-direction is wanting in the old copy. The same remark applies to the next *Exeunt* of the Captain and Cock.

Page 22, line 9, your bounteous countess died.] So the old copy; but perhaps we ought to read *beauteous* countess.

Page 31, line 7, Feed and be fat, my fine Calipolis.] Steevens, in his note on "Henry IV.," Pt. II., act ii., sc. iv., quotes various old authors who, like Shakespeare, have employed this line, or something resembling it: it is parodied, or taken, from "The Battle of Alcazar," 1594, which has been imputed to G. Peele. The only difference between Shakespeare and Heywood in the use of the passage, is that the former has "fair," where the latter has *fine*. In neither does it stand exactly as Peele gives it — "Feed, then, and faint not, my fair Calepolis." Elsewhere, with reference to another person, we have, in the same play, "Feed and be fat, that we may meet the foe."

Page 34, line 28, Ladies, withdraw a little.] It is clear that the two daughters go out; and it will be seen that just afterwards they return: their *exit* is not marked in the old copy, but it is necessary. The same may be said of the next stage-direction, which, with some others, is new in our reprint.

Page 40, line 3, How! not a true man?] To say that a person was not "a true man," was the same as to call him a thief; and the Clown explains it by saying that Captain Bonville had sworn to steal the Lady Mary away. Innumerable instances show the opposition between the words "true man" and "thief."—See Collier's Shakespeare, ii., 72; iv., 251, 255; v., 246.

Page 43, line 18, Give expeditious order for the rites.] The necessary

prefix of *King* is omitted in the old copy before this speech, which is given as part of that of Isabella.

Page 44, line 28, Let but a poor man.] The word *Let* seems to have dropped out of this line: it is clearly wanting for the sense of the passage.

Page 45, line 15, but of those whom we call, &c.] The word "whom" is, by error of the press, here repeated.

Page 46, line 31, With a standing bed in't, and a truckle too.] Steevens quoted this passage in illustration of "his standing bed and his truckle bed," in "Merry Wives of Windsor," act iv., scene 5.

Page 47, line 34, and are so strange.] The old copy has *strong* for "strange," which is clearly the right word.

Page 48, line 9, old bully bottom.] An expression adopted, possibly, from "Midsummer Night's Dream," act iii., sc. 1, and differently applied.

Page 49, line 5. Enter Bawd and Clown.] In the old stage-direction, the "Captain" is also mentioned, but he does not come in until afterwards, as marked, where the old copy repeats his entrance.

Page 50, line 12, Marry, farewell, frost.] This expression was proverbial, and is alluded to in "The Merchant of Venice," where the Prince of Morocco exclaims—

> "Cold, indeed, and labour lost:
> Then farewell, heat, and welcome, frost."
>
> Act ii., Scene vii.

Page 50, line 15, Go you, then, &c.] The terms "oars" and "sculls" were as well understood in Heywood's time as in our own, and the Clown here plays upon them.

Page 51, line 19, With the French fly, with the serpigo dried.] The disease here alluded to was often imputed to the French: respecting the "dry serpigo," see Steevens's note to "Troilus and Cressida," act ii., sc. 3.

Page 51, line 27, But I'll be modest.] In the old copy, this declaration is made part of the speech of the Captain, but it clearly belongs to the woman, who, at the same time, offers to return the money.

Page 52, line 7, Think the plague's cross, &c.] The placing of a cross upon the doors of houses, the inhabitants of which were infected with the plague, is alluded to by various old writers: it was often accompanied with the words, "Lord, have mercy upon us."

Page 52, line 19, Nay, will you go?] This scene is extremely gross, but it shows the manners of the time; and is not so much so as many portions of Beaumont and Fletcher's plays, and those of other dramatists,

which do not convey a moral so admirable and forcible. Heywood's laudable object was to disgust, not to excite.

Page 52, line 26, *Prince.* This noble lady, &c.] This speech is erroneously assigned to the Princess in the old copy. She speaks next.

Page 52, line 33, Queen (*aside*). I feel my body, &c.] Clearly spoken to herself; but the *asides* are very rarely marked in our early dramas. I recollect but one instance in the whole folio of Shakespeare, 1623.

Page 56, line 5, The lust of these, &c.] Perhaps we ought to read "The *last* of these," viz., her father's love: the misprint was easy.

Page 58, line 28, Nothing more sure than that.] In the old copy, the words "than that" are made to begin the next speech of the Marshal.

Page 60, line 17, Fix'd upon wealth, to want unnatural.] The sense is perhaps incomplete, in consequence of the sudden entrance of Match and Touch-box.

Page 60, line 28, God-a-mercy, horse!] A proverbial exclamation. See "Tarlton's Jests," printed by the Shakespeare Society in 1844, p. 23.

Page 64, line 1, Re-enter Cock.] The *exit* and re-entrance of Cock are necessarily marked, but are only understood in the old copy.

Page 67, line 34, This must not hold, &c.] From the number of rhyming lines in this play, we may perhaps suspect an error here, and that Heywood intended a couplet:—

> "This must not hold: prevention out of hand:
> For if the Marshal rise, not long we stand."

Possibly, however, the poet purposely meant to avoid the jingle: the same remark will apply to what immediately follows between Clinton and Chester:—

> "Our wits must then to work—of force, they must;
> This is not that to which our fortunes trust."

In printing the play, in 1637, the author may have introduced the change, in order to give it a more modern appearance, and to expunge rhymes which, at the time the drama was originally acted, were acceptable.

Page 69, line 10, That, force perforce, our subject must give place.] An expression hardly requiring a note, since it frequently occurs in Shakespeare. See, particularly, "Henry IV.," Part II., act iv., sc. 1, and act iv., scene 4.

Page 70, line 4, What have we here?] The prefix "King" is unnecessarily placed before this interrogatory in the old copy: it is part of the previous speech.

Page 71, line 29, *Manet* Clown.] The old stage-direction is "Enter Clown," and nothing is said of the departure of the King, &c., from the

scene. The Clown had not quitted the stage after his entrance on p. 65, and he remains behind the royal cortège.

Page 72, line 10, our provant.] *i.e.*, our provision—what was provided for soldiers in the way of food, and sometimes clothing and arms: thus in old authors we read of "provant breeches" and "provant swords."

Page 75, line 1, *Princess.* 'Tis well they brought me, &c.] In the old copy, this speech is given to the Prince, who is not upon the stage.

Page 77, line 8, Enter Captain Bonville and the King, &c.] In this order the *dramatis personæ* are named in the old copy, in the introduction to the scene: it seemed unnecessary to alter it by giving the King precedence of Captain Bonville, who, as usual, is only called "Captain."

Page 82, line 8, Prais'd for your hospital virtues, &c.] "Hospital" for *hospitable.*

Page 83, line 18, Confine it hence.] This use of the word "confine" is peculiar.

Page 86, line 1, The Epilogue to the Reader.] The Prologue was "to the Stage," but this Epilogue was, of course, not recited, but intended as an excuse for the revival of an old play, by the publication of it. Among other points, it refers to the period when rhyme was mainly in request with audiences, and they are abundantly sprinkled throughout the different scenes.

A

W O M A N

Kilde

With Kindnesse.

As it hath beene oftentimes acted by
The Queenes Majest. Servants.

Written by *Tho. Heywood.*

The third Edition.

LONDON,
Printed by *Isaac Jaggard,* 1617.

The Prologue.

I come but as a harbinger, being sent
To tell you what these preparations mean.
Look for no glorious state: our Muse is bent
Upon a barren subject, a bare scene.
We could afford this twig a timber tree,
Whose strength might boldly on your favours build;
Our russet, tissue; drone, a honey-bee;
Our barren plot, a large and spacious field;
Our coarse fare, banquets; our thin water, wine;
Our brook, a sea; our bat's eyes, eagle's sight;
Our poet's dull and earthy Muse, divine;
Our ravens, doves; our crow's black feathers, white;
But gentle thoughts, when they may give the foil,
Save them that yield, and spare where they may spoil.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.[1]

Mr. Frankford.
Sir Francis Acton.
Sir Charles Mountford.
Wendoll.
Malby.
Cranwell.
Old Mountford.
Shafton.
Nicholas.
Jenkin.
Roger Brickbat.
Jack Slime.
Butler.
Sheriff and Officers.
Keeper.
Tidy, Sandy, and Roder.
Spiggot.
Mrs. Anne Frankford.
Susan Mountford.
Sisly.

Huntsmen, Falconers, Coachman, Carters, Musicians, &c.

[1] Not prefixed to the old copy.

A WOMAN KILLED WITH KINDNESS.

Enter Mr. JOHN FRANKFORD, *Mistress* ANNE, *Sir* FRANCIS ACTON, *Sir* CHARLES MOUNTFORD, *Master* MALBY, *Master* WENDOLL, *and Mr.* CRANWELL.

Sir F. Some music, there! None lead the bride a dance?

Sir C. Yes, would she dance the shaking of the sheets;

But that's the dance her husband means to lead her.

Wen. That's not the dance that every man must dance,

According to the ballad.

Sir F. Music, ho!—

By your leave, sister; by your husband's leave,
I should have said.—The hand that but this day
Was given you in the church I'll borrow.—Sound!
This marriage music hoists me from the ground.

Frank. Ay, you may caper, you are light and free:
Marriage hath yok'd my heels; pray pardon me.

Sir F. I'll have you dance too, brother.

Sir C. Master Frankford,

You are a happy man, sir; and much joy
Succeed your marriage mirth: you have a wife
So qualified, and with such ornaments
Both of the mind and body. First, her birth
Is noble, and her education such

As might become the daughter of a prince:
Her own tongue speaks all tongues, and her own hand
Can teach all strings to speak in their best grace,
From the shrill'st treble to the hoarsest base.
To end her many praises in one word,
She's Beauty and Perfection's eldest daughter,
Only found by yours, though many a heart hath sought her.

Frank. But that I know your virtues and chaste thoughts,
I should be jealous of your praise, Sir Charles.

Cran. He speaks no more than you approve.

Mal. Nor flatters he that gives to her her due.

Mrs. Anne. I would your praise could find a fitter theme
Than my imperfect beauties to speak on:
Such as they be, if they my husband please,
They suffice me now I am married.
This sweet content is like a flatt'ring glass,
To make my face seem fairer to mine eye;
But the least wrinkle from his stormy brow
Will blast the roses in my cheeks that grow.

Sir F. A perfect wife already, meek and patient.
How strangely the word husband fits your mouth,
Not married three hours since! Sister, 'tis good;
You that begin betimes thus must needs prove
Pliant and duteous in your husband's love.—
Gramercies, brother! wrought her to't already?
Sweet husband, and a curtsey, the first day?
Mark this, mark this, you that are bachelors,
And never took the grace of honest man;
Mark this, against you marry, this one phrase:
In a good time that man both wins and woos
That takes his wife down in her wedding shoes.

Frank. Your sister takes not after you, Sir Francis;

All his wild blood your father spent on you.
He got her in his age, when he grew civil:
All his mad tricks were to his land entail'd,
And you are heir to all: your sister, she,
Hath to her dower her mother's modesty.

Sir C. Lord, sir, in what a happy state live you!
This morning, which to many seems a burden, too
Heavy to bear, is unto you a pleasure.
This lady is no clog, as many are:
She doth become you like a well-made suit,
In which the tailor hath us'd all his art;
Not like a thick coat of unseason'd frieze,
Forc'd on your back in summer. She's no chain,
To tie your neck, and curb ye to the yoke;
But she's a chain of gold to adorn your neck.
You both adorn each other, and your hands,
Methinks, are matches: there's equality
In this fair combination; you are both
Scholars, both young, both being descended nobly.
There's music in this sympathy; it carries
Consort, and expectation of much joy,
Which God bestow on you from this first day,
Until your dissolution; that's for aye.

Sir F. We keep you here too long, good brother Frankford.
Into the hall. Away! Go cheer your guests.
What! bride and bridegroom both withdrawn at once?
If you be miss'd, the guests will doubt their welcome,
And charge you with unkindness.

Frank. To prevent it,
I'll leave you here, to see the dance within.

Mrs. A. And so will I. [*Exeunt.*

Sir F. To part you it were sin.—
Now, gallants, while the town musicians
Finger their frets within, and the mad lads,

And country lasses, every mother's child,
With nosegays and bride-laces in their hats,
Dance all their country measures, rounds, and jigs,
What shall we do? Hark! they're all on the hoigh;
They toil like mill-horses, and turn as round,
Marry, not on the toe. Ay, and they caper,
But not without cutting: you shall see, to-morrow,
The hall-floor peck'd and dinted like a mill-stone,
Made with their high shoes. Though their skill be small,
Yet they tread heavy where their hobnails fall.

Sir C. Well, leave them to their sports.—Sir Francis Acton,
I'll make a match with you: meet to-morrow
At Chevy Chase, I'll fly my hawk with yours.

Sir F. For what? For what?

Sir C. Why, for a hundred pound.

Sir F. Pawn me some gold of that.

Sir C. Here are ten angels;
I'll make them good a hundred pound to-morrow
Upon my hawk's wing.

Sir F. 'Tis a match; 'tis done.
Another hundred pound upon your dogs:
Dare ye, Sir Charles?

Sir C. I dare: were I sure to lose,
I durst do more than that: here is my hand;
The first course for a hundred pound.

Sir F. A match.

Wen. Ten angels on Sir Francis Acton's hawk;
As much upon his dogs.

Cran. I am for Sir Charles Mountford: I have seen
His hawk and dog both tried. What! clap ye hands,
Or is't no bargain?

Wen. Yes, and stake them down.
Were they five hundred, they were all my own.

Sir F. Be stirring early with the lark to-morrow;

I'll rise into my saddle ere the sun
Rise from his bed.

Sir C. If there you miss me, say
I am no gentleman. I'll hold my day.

Sir F. It holds on all sides.—Come, to-night let's dance;
Early to-morrow let's prepare to ride:
We had need be three hours up before the bride.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter NICHOLAS *and* JENKIN, JACK SLIME, ROGER BRICKBAT, *with country wenches, and two or three musicians.*

Jen. Come, Nick, take you Joan Miniver, to trace withal; Jack Slime, traverse you with Sisly Milk-pail; I will take Jane Trubkin, and Roger Brickbat shall have Isabel Motley. And now that they are busy in the parlour, come, strike up; we'll have a crash here in the yard.

Nich. My humour is not compendious: dancing I possess not, though I can foot it; yet, since I am fallen into the hands of Sisly Milk-pail, I consent.

J. Slime. Truly, Nick, though we were never brought up like serving courtiers, yet we have been brought up with serving creatures; ay, and God's creatures, too; for we have been brought up to serve sheep, oxen, horses, hogs, and such like; and, though we be but country fellows, it may be in the way of dancing we can do the horse trick as well as the serving-men.

R. Brick. Ay, and the cross-point too.

Jen. O, Slime! O, Brickbat! do not you know that comparisons are odious? Now we are odious ourselves, too, therefore there are no comparisons to be made betwixt us.

Nich. I am sudden, and not superfluous;

I am quarrelsome, and not seditious;
I am peaceable, and not contentious;
I am brief, and not compendious.

J. Slime. Foot it quickly. If the music overcome not my melancholy, I shall quarrel; and if they suddenly do not strike up, I shall presently strike thee down.

Jen. No quarrelling, for God's sake! truly, if you do, I shall set a knave between ye.

J. Slime. I come to dance, not to quarrel. Come, what shall it be? Rogero?

Jen. Rogero! no; we will dance the beginning of the world.

Sisly. I love no dance so well as John come kiss me now.

Nich. I that have ere now deserv'd a cushion, call for the Cushion-dance.

R. Brick. For my part, I like nothing so well as Tom Tyler.

Jen. No; we'll have the hunting of the Fox.

J. Slime. The hay; the hay! there's nothing like the hay.

Nich. I have said, do say, and will say again——

Jen. Every man agree to have it as Nick says.

All. Content.

Nich. It hath been, it now is, and it shall be——

Sisly. What, Master Nicholas? What?

Nich. Put on your smock o' Monday.

Jen. So the dance will come cleanly off. Come, for God's sake, agree of something: if you like not that, put it to the musicians; or let me speak for all, and we'll have Sellenger's round.

All. That, that, that!

Nich. No, I am resolv'd thus it shall be:
First take hands, then take ye to your heels.

Jen. Why, would you have us run away?

Nich. No; but I would have you shake your heels.—Music, strike up!

[*They dance;* NICK *dancing, speaks stately and scurvily; the rest dance after the country fashion.*

Jen. Hey! lively, my lasses! here's a turn for thee!

[*Exeunt.*

Wind horns. Enter Sir CHARLES MOUNTFORD, *Sir* FRANCIS ACTON, MALBY, CRANWELL, WENDOLL, *Falconer, and Huntsmen.*

Sir C. So; well cast off. Aloft, aloft! Well flown! Oh! now she takes her at the souse, and strikes her down to th' earth, like a swift thunder-clap.

Wen. She hath struck ten angels out of my way.

Sir F. A hundred pound from me.

Sir C. What, falconer!

Falc. At hand, sir.

Sir C. Now she hath seiz'd the fowl, and 'gins to plume her,
Rebeck her not: rather stand still and check her.
So, seize her gets, her jesses, and her bells.
Away!

Sir F. My hawk kill'd, too.

Sir C. Ay, but 'twas at the querre,
Not at the mount, like mine.

Sir F. Judgment, my masters.

Cran. Yours miss'd her at the ferre.

Wen. Ay, but our merlin first had plum'd the fowl,
And twice renew'd her from the river too:
Her bells, Sir Francis, had not both one weight,
Nor was one semitone above the other.
Methinks these Milain bells do sound too full,
And spoil the mounting of your hawk.

Sir C. 'Tis lost.

Sir F. I grant it not. Mine likewise seiz'd a fowl

Within her talons; and you saw her paws
Full of the feathers: both her petty singles
And her long singles grip'd her more than other;
The terrials of her legs were stain'd with blood:
Not of the fowl only she did discomfit,
Some of her feathers; but she brake away.
Come, come; your hawk is but a rifler.

Sir C. How!

Sir F. Ay, and your dogs are trindle-tails and curs.

Sir C. You stir my blood.
You keep not one good hound in all your kennel,
Nor one good hawk upon your perch.

Sir F. How, knight!

Sir C. So, knight. You will not swagger, sir?

Sir F. Why, say I did?

Sir C. Why, sir,
I say you would gain as much by swaggering
As you have got by wagers on your dogs:
You will come short in all things.

Sir F. Not in this: now I'll strike home.

Sir C. Thou shalt to thy long home, or I will want my will.

Sir F. All they that love Sir Francis follow me.

Sir C. All that affect Sir Charles draw on my part.

Cran. On this side heaves my hand.

Wen. Here goes my heart.

[*They divide themselves.* *Sir* CHARLES MOUNTFORD, CRANWELL, *Falconer, and Huntsman, fight against Sir* FRANCIS ACTON, WENDOLL, *his Falconer and Huntsman; and Sir* CHARLES *hath the better, and beats them away, killing both of Sir* FRANCIS'S *men.*

Sir C. My God! What have I done? What have I done?
My rage hath plung'd into a sea of blood,

In which my soul lies drown'd. Poor innocents,
For whom we are to answer! Well, 'tis done,
And I remain the victor. A great conquest,
When I would give this right hand, nay, this head,
To breathe in them new life whom I have slain!—
Forgive me, God! 'Twas in the heat of blood;
And anger quite removes me from myself.
It was not I, but rage, did this vile murder;
Yet I, and not my rage, must answer it.
Sir Francis Acton he is fled the field;
With him all those that did partake his quarrel;
And I am left alone with sorrow dumb,
And in my height of conquest overcome.

Enter SUSAN.

Susan. Oh, God! My brother wounded, 'mong the dead?
Unhappy jest, that in such earnest ends!
The rumour of this fear stretch'd to my ears,
And I am come to know if you be wounded.
Sir C. Oh, sister! sister! wounded at the heart.
Susan. My God forbid!
Sir C. In doing that thing which He forbad,
I am wounded, sister.
Susan. I hope not at the heart.
Sir C. Yes; at the heart.
Susan. Oh, God! A surgeon, there!
Sir C. Call me a surgeon, sister, for my soul.
The sin of murder it hath pierc'd my heart,
And made a wide wound there; but for these scratches,
They are nothing, nothing.
Susan. Charles, what have you done?
Sir Francis hath great friends, and will pursue you
Unto the utmost danger of the law.

Sir C. My conscience hath become mine enemy,
And will pursue me more than Acton can.
Susan. Oh! fly, sweet brother.
Sir C. Shall I fly from thee?
Why, Sue, art weary of my company?
Susan. Fly from your foe.
Sir C. You, sister, are my friend;
And flying you, I shall pursue my end.
Susan. Your company is as my eyeball dear;
Being far from you, no comfort can be near.
Yet fly to save your life: what would I care,
To spend my future age in black despair,
So you were safe? And yet to live one week
Without my brother Charles, through every cheek
My streaming tears would downwards run so rank,
Till they could set on either side a bank,
And in the midst a channel; so my face
For two salt water brooks shall still find place.
Sir C. Thou shalt not weep so much; for I will stay,
In spite of danger's teeth. I'll live with thee,
Or I'll not live at all. I will not sell
My country and my father's patrimony,
Nor thy sweet sight, for a vain hope of life.

Enter Sheriff, with Officers.

Sher. Sir Charles, I am made the unwilling instrument
Of your attach and apprehension:
I'm sorry that the blood of innocent men
Should be of you exacted. It was told me
That you were guarded with a troop of friends,
And therefore came thus arm'd.
Sir C. Oh, Master Sheriff!
I came into the field with many friends,

But see, they all have left me: only one
Clings to my sad misfortune, my dear sister.
I know you for an honest gentleman;
I yield my weapons, and submit to you.
Convey me where you please.

Sher. To prison, then,
To answer for the lives of these dead men.

Susan. Oh, God! Oh, God!

Sir C. Sweet sister, every strain
Of sorrow from your heart augments my pain;
Your grief abounds, and hits against my breast.

Sher. Sir, will you go?

Sir C. Even where it likes you best. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Mr. FRANKFORD *in a study.*

Frank. How happy am I amongst other men,
That in my mean estate embrace content!
I am a gentleman, and by my birth
Companion with a king; a king's no more.
I am possess'd of many fair revenues,
Sufficient to maintain a gentleman.
Touching my mind, I am studied in all arts;
The riches of my thoughts, and of my time,
Have been a good proficient; but the chief
Of all the sweet felicities on earth,
I have a fair, a chaste, and loving wife;
Perfection all, all truth, all ornament.
If man on earth may truly happy be,
Of these at once possess'd, sure, I am he.

Enter NICHOLAS.

Nich. Sir, there's a gentleman attends without to speak with you.

Frank. On horseback?

Nich. Yes, on horseback.

Frank. Entreat him to alight, and I'll attend him.
Know'st thou him, Nick?

Nich. Know him? Yes; his name is Wendoll.
It seems he comes in haste: his horse is booted
Up to the flank in mire, himself all spotted
And stain'd with plashing. Sure, he rid in fear,
Or for a wager: horse and man both sweat;
I ne'er saw two in such a smoking heat.

Frank. Entreat him in: about it instantly.

[*Exit* NICHOLAS.

This Wendoll I have noted, and his carriage
Hath pleas'd me much: by observation
I have noted many good deserts in him.
He's affable, and seen in many things,
Discourses well, a good companion;
And though of small means, yet a gentleman
Of a good house, somewhat press'd by want.
I have preferr'd him to a second place
In my opinion, and my best regard.

Enter WENDOLL, *Mrs.* FRANKFORD, *and* NICHOLAS.

Mrs. Anne. Oh, Mr. Frankford! Mr. Wendoll, here,
Brings you the strangest news that e'er you heard.

Frank. What news, sweet wife?—What news, good Mr. Wendoll?

Wen. You knew the match made 'twixt Sir Francis Acton
And Sir Charles Mountford?

Frank. True; with their hounds and hawks.

Wen. The matches were both played.

Frank. Ha! and which won?

Wen. Sir Francis, your wife's brother, had the worst,
And lost the wager.

Frank. Why, the worse his chance:

Perhaps the fortune of some other day
Will change his luck.
Mrs. A. Oh! but you hear not all.
Sir Francis lost, and yet was loth to yield:
At length the two knights grew to difference,
From words to blows, and so to banding sides;
Where valorous Sir Charles slew, in his spleen,
Two of your brother's men; his falconer,
And his good huntsman, whom he lov'd so well.
More men were wounded, no more slain outright.
Frank. Now, trust me, I am sorry for the knight;
But is my brother safe?
Wen. All whole and sound,
His body not being blemish'd with one wound:
But poor Sir Charles is to the prison led,
To answer at th' assize for them that's dead.
Frank. I thank your pains, sir: had the news been better,
Your will was to have brought it, Mr. Wendoll.
Sir Charles will find hard friends: his case is heinous,
And will be most severely censur'd on:
I'm sorry for him. Sir, a word with you.
I know you, sir, to be a gentleman
In all things; your possibility but mean:
Please you to use my table and my purse;
They are yours.
Wen. O Lord, sir! I shall never deserve it.
Frank. O, sir, disparage not your worth too much:
You are full of quality and fair desert.
Choose of my men which shall attend you, sir,
And he is yours. I will allow you, sir,
Your man, your gelding, and your table,
All at my own charge; be my companion.
Wen. Mr. Frankford, I have oft been bound to you
By many favours; this exceeds them all,

That I shall never merit your least favour;
But when your last remembrance I forget,
Heaven at my soul exact that weighty debt.

Frank. There needs no protestation; for I know you
Virtuous, and therefore grateful.—Prithee, Nan,
Use him with all thy loving'st courtesy.

Mrs. A. As far as modesty may well extend,
It is my duty to receive your friend.

Frank. To dinner! Come, sir, from this present day,
Welcome to me for ever: come, away.

[*Exeunt* FRANKFORD, *Mrs.* FRANKFORD, *and* WENDOLL.

Nich. I do not like this fellow by no means:
I never see him but my heart still yearns.
Zounds! I could fight with him, yet know not why:
The devil and he are all one in mine eye.

Enter JENKIN.

Jen. Oh, Nick! what gentleman is that, that comes to lie at our house? My master allows him one to wait on him, and I believe it will fall to thy lot.

Nich. I love my master, by these hilts I do;
But rather than I'll ever come to serve him,
I'll turn away my master.

Enter SISLY.

Sis. Nicholas! where are you, Nicholas? You must come in, Nich'las, and help the gentleman off with his boots.

Nich. If I pluck off his boots, I'll eat the spurs,
And they shall stick fast in my throat like burrs.

Sis. Then, Jenkin, come you.

Jen. Nay, 'tis no boot for me to deny it. My master hath given me a coat here, but he takes pains himself to brush it once or twice a day with a holly-wand.

Sis. Come, come, make haste, that you may wash your hands again, and help to serve in dinner.

Jen. You may see, my masters, though it be afternoon with you, 'tis yet but early days with us, for we have not din'd yet. Stay a little; I'll but go in and help to bear up the first course, and come to you again presently.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter MALBY *and* CRANWELL.

Mal. This is the sessions-day; pray can you tell me
How young Sir Charles hath sped? Is he acquit,
Or must he try the laws' strict penalty?

Cran. He's clear'd of all, spite of his enemies,
Whose earnest labour was to take his life:
But in this suit of pardon he hath spent
All the revenues that his father left him;
And he is now turn'd a plain country man,
Reform'd in all things. See, sir, here he comes.

Enter Sir CHARLES *and his Keeper.*

Keep. Discharge your fees, and you are then at freedom.

Sir C. Here, Mr. Keeper, take the poor remainder
Of all the wealth I have: my heavy foes
Have made my purse light; but, alas! to me
'Tis wealth enough that you have set me free.

Mal. God give you joy of your delivery.
I am glad to see you abroad, Sir Charles.

Sir C. The poorest knight in England, Mr. Malby:
My life hath cost me all my patrimony
My father left his son. Well, God forgive them
That are the authors of my penury!

Enter SHAFTON.

Shaft. Sir Charles! A hand, a hand! At liberty?
Now, by the faith I owe, I am glad to see it.

What want you? Wherein may I pleasure you?
Sir C. Oh, me! Oh, most unhappy gentleman!
I am not worthy to have friends stirr'd up,
Whose hands may help me in this plunge of want.
I would I were in heaven, to inherit there
Th' immortal birthright which my Saviour keeps,
And by no unthrift can be bought and sold;
For here on earth what pleasures should we trust?
Shaft. To rid you from these contemplations,
Three hundred pounds you shall receive of me;
Nay, five for fail. Come, sir, the sight of gold
Is the most sweet receipt for melancholy,
And will revive your spirits. You shall hold law
With your proud adversaries. Tush! let Frank Acton
Wage his knighthood-like expense with me,
And a' will sink, he will.—Nay, good Sir Charles,
Applaud your fortune, and your fair escape
From all these perils.
Sir C. Oh, sir! they have undone me.
Two thousand and five hundred pound a year
My father, at his death, possess'd me of;
All which the envious Acton made me spend:
And, notwithstanding all this large expense,
I had much ado to gain my liberty;
And I have only now a house of pleasure
With some five hundred pounds reserv'd,
Both to maintain me and my loving sister.
Shaft. (*aside*). That must I have, it lies convenient for me:
If I can fasten but one finger on him,
With my full hand I'll gripe him to the heart.
'Tis not for love I proffer'd him this coin,
But for my gain and pleasure.—Come, Sir Charles,
I know you have need of money; take my offer.
Sir C. Sir, I accept it, and remain indebted

Even to the best of my unable power.
Come, gentlemen, and see it tender'd down. [*Exeunt.*

Enter WENDOLL, *melancholy.*

Wen. I am a villain, if I apprehend
But such a thought: then, to attempt the deed,
Slave, thou art damn'd without redemption.
I'll drive away this passion with a song.
A song! ha, ha! a song! as if, fond man,
Thy eyes could swim in laughter, when thy soul
Lies drench'd and drowned in red tears of blood.
I'll pray, and see if God within my heart
Plant better thoughts. Why, prayers are meditations;
And when I meditate, (oh, God forgive me!)
It is on her divine perfections.
I will forget her; I will arm myself
Not t' entertain a thought of love to her,
And when I come by chance into her presence,
I'll hale these balls until my eye-strings crack,
From being pull'd and drawn to look that way.

Enter, over the stage, FRANKFORD, *his Wife, and* NICHOLAS.

Oh, God! Oh, God! with what a violence
I'm hurried to mine own destruction.
There goest thou, the most perfect'st man
That ever England bred a gentleman;
And shall I wrong his bed?—Thou God of thunder!
Stay in thy thoughts of vengeance and of wrath,
Thy great, almighty, and all-judging hand,
From speedy execution on a villain:
A villain, and a traitor to his friend.

Enter JENKIN.

Jen. Did your worship call?

Wen. He doth maintain me; he allows me largely Money to spend.

Jen. By my faith, so do not you me: I cannot get a cross of you.

Wend. My gelding, and my man.

Jen. That's Sorrel and I.

Wend. This kindness grows of no alliance 'twixt us.

Jen. Nor is my service of any great acquaintance.

Wen. I never bound him to me by desert:
Of a mere stranger, a poor gentleman,
A man by whom in no kind he could gain,
And he hath plac'd me in his highest thoughts,
Made me companion with the best and chiefest
In Yorkshire. He cannot eat without me,
Nor laugh without me: I am to his body
As necessary as his digestion,
And equally do make him whole or sick.
And shall I wrong this man? Base man! Ingrate!
Hast thou the power, straight with thy gory hands,
To rip thy image from his bleeding heart;
To scratch thy name from out the holy book
Of his remembrance; and to wound his name
That holds thy name so dear? Or rend his heart
To whom thy heart was knit and join'd together?
And yet I must: then Wendoll, be content.
Thus villains, when they would, cannot repent.

Jen. What a strange humour is my new master in! Pray God he be not mad: if he should be so, I should never have any mind to serve him in Bedlam. It may be he's mad for missing of me.

Wen. What, Jenkin! where's your mistress?

Jen. Is your worship married?

Wen. Why dost thou ask?

Jen. Because you are my master; and if I have a

mistress, I would be glad, like a good servant, to do my duty to her.

Wen. I mean Mistress Frankford.

Jen. Marry, sir, her husband is riding out of town, and she went very lovingly to bring him on his way to horse. Do you see, sir? here she comes, and here I go.

Wen. Vanish. [*Exit* JENKIN.

Enter Mrs. ANNE.

Mrs. Anne. Y'are well met, sir; now, in troth, my husband,
Before he took horse, had a great desire
To speak with you: we sought about the house,
Hallo'd into the fields, sent every way,
But could not meet you. Therefore, he enjoin'd me
To do unto you his most kind commends:
Nay, more; he wills you, as you prize his love,
Or hold in estimation his kind friendship,
To make bold in his absence, and command
Even as himself were present in the house;
For you must keep his table, use his servants,
And be a present Frankford in his absence.

Wen. I thank him for his love.—
(*Aside.*) Give me a name, you, whose infectious tongues
Are tipp'd with gall and poison: as you would
Think on a man that had your father slain,
Murder'd your children, made your wives base strumpets,
So call me, call me so: print in my face
The most stigmatic title of a villain,
For hatching treason to so true a friend.

Mrs. A. Sir, you are much beholding to my husband;
You are a man most dear in his regard.

Wen. I am bound unto your husband, and you too.
(*Aside.*) I will not speak to wrong a gentleman

Of that good estimation, my kind friend:
I will not; Zounds! I will not. I may choose,
And I will choose. Shall I be so misled,
Or shall I purchase to my father's crest
The motto of a villain? If I say
I will not do it, what thing can enforce me?
What can compel me? What sad destiny
Hath such command upon my yielding thoughts?
I will not—ha! Some fury pricks me on.
The swift Fates drag me at their chariot wheel,
And hurry me to mischief. Speak I must:
Injure myself, wrong her, deceive his trust!

Mrs. A. Are you not well, sir, that you seem thus troubled?

There is sedition in your countenance.

Wen. And in my heart, fair angel, chaste and wise.
I love you: start not, speak not, answer not;
I love you: nay, let me speak the rest;
Bid me to swear, and I will call to record
The host of Heaven.

Mrs. A. The host of Heaven forbid
Wendoll should hatch such a disloyal thought.

Wen. Such is my fate: to this suit was I born,
To wear rich pleasure's crown, or fortune's scorn.

Mrs. A. My husband loves you.

Wen. I know it.

Mrs. A. He esteems you,
Even as his brain, his eye-ball, or his heart.

Wen. I have tried it.

Mrs. A. His purse is your exchequer, and his table
Doth freely serve you.

Wen. So I have found it.

Mrs. A. Oh! with what face of brass, what brow of steel,
Can you, unblushing, speak this to the face

Of the espous'd wife of so dear a friend?
It is my husband that maintains your state;
Will you dishonour him? I am his wife,
That in your power hath left his whole affairs.
It is to me you speak.

Wen. Oh! speak no more;
For more than this I know, and have recorded
Within the red-leav'd table of my heart.
Fair, and of all belov'd, I was not fearful
Bluntly to give my life into your hand,
And at one hazard all my earthly means.
Go, tell your husband; he will turn me off,
And I am then undone. I care not, I,
'Twas for your sake. Perchance, in rage he'll kill me:
I care not; 'twas for you. Say I incur
The general name of villain through the world,
Of traitor to my friend; I care not, I.
Beggary, shame, death, scandal, and reproach,
For you I'll hazard all: why, what care I?
For you I'll love, and in your love I'll die.

Mrs. A. You move me, sir, to passion and to pity.
The love I bear my husband is as precious
As my soul's health.

Wen. I love your husband too,
And for his love I will engage my life.
Mistake me not; the augmentation
Of my sincere affection borne to you
Doth no whit lessen my regard of him.
I will be secret, lady, close as night;
And not the light of one small glorious star
Shall shine here, in my forehead, to bewray
That act of night.

Mrs. A. What shall I say?
My soul is wandering, and hath lost her way.
Oh Master Wendoll! Oh!

Wen. Sigh not, sweet saint;
For every sigh you breathe draws from my heart
A drop of blood.
Mrs. A. I ne'er offended yet:
My fault, I fear, will in my brow be writ.
Women that fall, not quite bereft of grace,
Have their offences noted in their face:
I blush, and am asham'd. Oh, Master Wendoll,
Pray God I be not born to curse your tongue,
That hath enchanted me! This maze I am in
I fear will prove the labyrinth of sin.

Enter NICHOLAS, *behind.*

Wen. The path of pleasure, and the gate to bliss,
Which on your lips I knock at with a kiss.
Nich. I'll kill the rogue.
Wen. Your husband is from home, your bed's no blab.
Nay, look not down and blush.

[*Exeunt* WENDOLL *and Mrs.* ANNE.

Nich. Zounds! I'll stab.
Ay, Nick, was it thy chance to come just in the nick?
I love my master, and I hate that slave:
I love my mistress; but these tricks I like not.
My master shall not pocket up this wrong;
I'll eat my fingers first. What say'st thou, metal?
Does not that rascal Wendoll go on legs
That thou must cut off? Hath he not hamstrings
That thou must hough? Nay, metal, thou shalt stand
To all I say. I'll henceforth turn a spy,
And watch them in their close conveyances.
I never look'd for better of that rascal,
Since he came miching first into our house:
It is that Satan hath corrupted her;
For she was fair and chaste. I'll have an eye
In all their gestures. Thus I think of them,

(If they proceed as they have done before)
Wendoll's a knave, my mistress is a —— [*Exit.*

Enter Sir CHARLES MOUNTFORD *and* SUSAN.

Sir C. Sister, you see we are driven to hard shift,
To keep this poor house we have left unsold:
I am now enforc'd to follow husbandry,
And you to milk; and do we not live well?
Well, I thank God.
Susan. Oh! brother! here's a change
Since old Sir Charles died in our father's house.
Sir C. All things on earth thus change, some up, some down.
Content's a kingdom, and I wear that crown.

Enter SHAFTON, *with a Sergeant.*

Shaft. Good morrow, morrow, Sir Charles: what! with your sister,
Plying your husbandry?—Serjeant, stand off.—
You have a pretty house here, and a garden,
And goodly ground about it. Since it lies
So near a lordship that I lately bought,
I would fain buy it of you. I will give you——
Sir C. Oh! pardon me: this house successively
Hath long'd to me and my progenitors
Three hundred years. My great-great-grandfather,
He in whom first our gentle style began,
Dwelt here; and in this ground, increas'd this mole-hill
Until that mountain which my father left me.
Where he the first of all our house began,
I now the last will end, and keep this house:
This virgin title, never yet deflowered
By any unthrift of the Mountfords' line.
In brief, I will not sell it for more gold
Than you could hide or pave the ground withal.

Shaft. Ha, ha! a proud mind and a beggar's purse!
Where's my three hundred pounds, besides the use?
I have brought it to execution
By course of law: what! is my money ready?
Sir C. An execution, sir, and never tell me
You put my bond in suit? You deal extremely.
Shaft. Sell me the land, and I'll acquit you straight.
Sir C. Alas, alas! 'tis all trouble hath left me,
To cherish me and my poor sister's life.
If this were sold, our names should then be quite
Raz'd from the bead-roll of gentility.
You see what hard shift we have made to keep it
Allied still to our own name. This palm you see,
Labour hath glow'd within: her silver brow,
That never tasted a rough winter's blast
Without a mask or fan, doth with a grace
Defy cold winter, and his storms outface.
Susan. Sir, we feed sparing, and we labour hard;
We lie uneasy, to reserve to us
And our succession this small spot of ground.
Sir C. I have so bent my thoughts to husbandry,
That I protest I scarcely can remember
What a new fashion is; how silk or satin
Feels in my hand. Why, pride is grown to us
A mere, mere stranger. I have quite forgot
The names of all that ever waited on me.
I cannot name ye any of my hounds,
Once from whose echoing mouths I heard all music
That e'er my heart desired. What should I say?
To keep this place, I have chang'd myself away.
Shaft. Arrest him at my suit.—Actions and actions
Shall keep thee in continual bondage fast:
Nay, more, I'll sue thee by a late appeal,
And call thy former life in question.

The keeper is my friend; thou shalt have irons,
And usage such as I'll deny to dogs.—Away with him!

Sir C. Ye are too timorous. But trouble is my master,
And I will serve him truly.—My kind sister,
Thy tears are of no use to mollify
The flinty man. Go to my father's brother,
My kinsmen, and allies; entreat them for me,
To ransom me from this injurious man,
That seeks my ruin.

Shaft. Come, irons, irons! come away:
I'll see thee lodg'd far from the sight of day. [*Exeunt.*

Susan. My heart's so harden'd with the frost of grief,
Death cannot pierce it through.—Tyrant too fell!
So lead the fiends condemned souls to hell.

Enter Sir FRANCIS ACTON *and* MALBY.

Sir F. Again to prison! Malby, hast thou seen
A poor slave better tortur'd? Shall we hear
The music of his voice cry from the grate,
Meat, for the Lord's sake? No, no; yet I am not
Thoroughly reveng'd. They say he hath a pretty wench
To his sister; shall I, in my mercy-sake
To him and to his kindred, bribe the fool
To shame herself by lewd, dishonest lust?
I'll proffer largely; but the deed being done,
I'll smile to see her base confusion.

Mal. Methinks, Sir Francis, you are full reveng'd
For greater wrongs than he can proffer you.
See where the poor sad gentlewoman stands.

Sir F. Ha, ha! now will I flout her poverty,
Deride her fortunes, scoff her base estate;
My very soul the name of Mountford hates.
But stay, my heart! Oh, what a look did fly
To strike my soul through with thy piercing eye!

I am enchanted; all my spirits are fled,
And with one glance my envious spleen struck dead.
Susan. Acton! That seeks our blood. [*Runs away.*
Sir F. Oh, chaste and fair!
Mal. Sir Francis! why, Sir Francis! in a trance?
Sir Francis! what cheer, man? Come, come, how is't?
Sir F. Was she not fair? Or else this judging eye
Cannot distinguish beauty.
Mal. She was fair.
Sir F. She was an angel in a mortal's shape,
And ne'er descended from old Montford's line.
But soft, soft, let me call my wits together.
A poor, poor wench, to my great adversary
Sister, whose very souls denounce stern war
Each against other. How now, Frank, turn'd fool
Or madman, whether? But no! master of
My perfect senses and directest wits.
Then why should I be in this violent humour
Of passion and of love? And with a person
So different every way, and so opposed
In all contractions, and still-warring actions?
Fie, fie! how I dispute against my soul.
Come, come, I'll gain her; or in her fair quest
Purchase my soul free and immortal rest. [*Exeunt.*

Enter three or four serving-men, one with a voider and a wooden knife, to take away; another the salt and bread; another the tablecloth and napkins; another the carpet: JENKIN *with two lights after them.*

Jen. So; march in order, and retire in battle array. My master and the guests have supp'd already, all's taken away: here, now spread for the serving-men in the hall.—Butler, it belongs to your office.
But. I know it, Jenkin.
What d'ye call the gentleman that supp'd there to-night?

Jen. Who, my master?

But. No, no; Master Wendoll, he's a daily guest: I mean the gentleman that came but this afternoon.

Jen. His name's Mr. Cranwell. God's light! hark, within there, my master calls to lay more billets upon the fire. Come, come: Lord! how we that are in office here are troubled. One spread the carpet in the parlour, and stand ready to snuff the lights: the rest be ready to prepare their stomachs. More lights in the hall, there! Come, Nicholas. [*Exeunt all but* NICHOLAS.

Nich. I cannot eat; but had I Wendoll's heart,
I would eat that: the rogue grows impudent.
Oh! I have seen such vile, notorious tricks,
Ready to make my eyes dart from my head.
I'll tell my master; by this air, I will:
Fall what may fall, I'll tell him. Here he comes.

Enter Master FRANKFORD, *as it were brushing the crumbs from his clothes with a napkin, as newly risen from supper.*

Frank. Nicholas, what make you here? Why are not you
At supper in the hall, among your fellows?

Nich. Master, I stay'd your rising from the board,
To speak with you.

Frank. Be brief then, gentle Nicholas;
My wife and guests attend me in the parlour.
Why dost thou pause? Now, Nicholas, you want money,
And, unthrift-like, would eat into your wages
Ere you had earn'd it: here, sir's, half-a-crown;
Play the good husband, and away to supper.

Nich. By this hand; an honourable gentleman! I will not see him wrong'd.—Sir, I have serv'd you long; you entertained me seven years before your beard. You knew me, sir, before you knew my mistress.

Frank. What of this, good Nicholas?

Nich. I never was a make-bate, or a knave;
I have no fault but one—I'm given to quarrel,
But not with women. I will tell you, master,
That which will make your heart leap from your breast,
Your hair to startle from your head, your ears to tingle.

Frank. What preparation's this to dismal news?

Nich. 'Sblood! sir, I love you better than your wife.
I'll make it good.

Frank. You are a knave, and I have much ado
With wonted patience to contain my rage,
And not to break thy pate. Thou art a knave:
I'll turn you, with your base comparisons,
Out of my doors.

Nich. Do, do.
There is not room for Wendoll and me too,
Both in one house. Oh, master, master,
That Wendoll is a villain!

Frank. Aye, saucy!

Nich. Strike, strike, do strike: yet hear me! I am no fool;
I know a villain, when I see him act
Deeds of a villain. Master, master, that base slave
Enjoys my mistress, and dishonours you.

Frank. Thou hast kill'd me with a weapon, whose sharp point
Hath prick'd quite through and through my shivering heart.
Drops of cold sweat sit dangling on my hairs,
Like morning's dew upon the golden flowers;
And I am plung'd into strange agonies.
What did'st thou say? If any word that touch'd
His credit, or her reputation,
It is as hard to enter my belief,
As Dives into heaven.

Nich. I can gain nothing: they are two
That never wrong'd me. I knew before
'Twas but a thankless office, and perhaps
As much as is my service, or my life is worth.
All this I know, but this, and more,
More by a thousand dangers, could not hire me
To smother such a heinous wrong from you.
I saw, and I have said.

Frank. 'Tis probable, though blunt; yet he is honest.
Though I durst pawn my life, and on their faith
Hazard the dear salvation of my soul,
Yet in my trust I may be too secure.
May this be true? Oh! may it? Can it be?
Is it by any wonder possible?
Man, woman, what thing mortal can we trust,
When friends and bosom wives prove so unjust?
What instance hast thou of this strange report?

Nich. Eyes, master, eyes.

Frank. Thy eyes may be deceiv'd, I tell thee;
For should an angel from the heavens drop down,
And preach this to me that thyself hast told,
He should have much ado to win belief;
In both their loves I am so confident.

Nich. Shall I discourse the same by circumstance?

Frank. No more! To supper, and command your fellows
To attend us and the strangers. Not a word,
I charge thee, on thy life: be secret, then,
For I know nothing.

Nich. I am dumb. Now that I have eas'd my stomach,
I will go fill my stomach. [*Exit.*

Frank. Away! begone!
She is well born, descended nobly;
Virtuous her education; her repute

Is in the general voice of all the country
Honest and fair; her carriage, her demeanour,
In all the actions that concern the love
To me, her husband, modest, chaste, and godly.
Is all this seeming gold plain copper?
But he, that Judas that hath borne my purse,
Hath sold me for a sin. Oh God! oh God!
Shall I put up these wrongs? No. Shall I trust
The bare report of this suspicious groom,
Before the double gilt, the well-hatch ore
Of their two hearts? No, I will lose these thoughts:
Distraction I will banish from my brow,
And from my looks exile sad discontent;
Their wonted favours in my tongue shall flow:
Till I know all, I'll nothing seem to know.
Lights and a table there!—Wife, Mr. Wendoll, and gentle Master Cranwell.

Enter Mistress FRANKFORD, *Master* WENDOLL, *Master* CRANWELL, NICHOLAS, *and* JENKIN *with cards, carpets, stools, and other necessaries.*

Frank. Oh! master Cranwell, you are a stranger here,
And often baulk my house; faith y'are a churl.—
Now we have supp'd, a table, and to cards.

Jen. A pair of cards, Nicholas, and a carpet to cover the table. Where's Sisly, with her counters and her box? Candles and candlesticks, there! Fie! we have such a household of serving creatures. Unless it be Nick and I, there's not one amongst them all that can say bo to a goose.—Well said, Nick.

[*They spread a carpet; set down lights and cards.*

Mrs. A. Come, Mr. Frankford, who shall take my part?

Frank. That will I, sweet wife.

Wen. No, by my faith, when you are together, I sit

out: it must be Mistress Frankford and I, or else it is no match.

Frank. I do not like that match.

Nich. You have no reason, marry, knowing all.

Frank. 'Tis no great matter, neither.—Come, Master Cranwell, shall you and I take them up?

Cran. At your pleasure, sir.

Frank. I must look to you, Master Wendoll, for you'll be playing false; nay, so will my wife, too.

Nich. I will be sworn she will.

Mrs. A. Let them that are taken false, forfeit the set.

Frank. Content: it shall go hard but I'll take you.

Cran. Gentlemen, what shall our game be?

Wen. Master Frankford, you play best at noddy.

Frank. You shall not find it so; indeed, you shall not.

Mrs. A. I can play at nothing so well as double ruff.

Frank. If Master Wendoll and my wife be together, there's no playing against them at double hand.

Nich. I can tell you, sir, the game that Master Wendoll is best at.

Wen. What game is that, Nick?

Nich. Marry, sir, knave out of doors.

Wen. She and I will take you at lodam.

Mrs. A. Husband, shall we play at saint?

Frank. My saint's turned devil.—No, we'll none of saint:
You are best at new-cut, wife, you'll play at that.

Wen. If you play at new-cut, I'm soonest hitter of any here, for a wager.

Frank. 'Tis me they play on.—Well, you may draw out;
For all your cunning, 'twill be to your shame,
I'll teach you, at your new-cut, a new game.
Come, come.

Cran. If you cannot agree upon the game, to post and pair.

Wen. We shall be soonest pairs; and my good host,
When he comes late home, he must kiss the post.

Frank. Whoever wins, it shall be to thy cost.

Cran. Faith, let it be vide-ruff, and let's make honours.

Frank. If you make honours, one thing let me crave,
Honour the king and queen; except the knave.

Wen. Well, as you please for that.—Lift, who shall deal.

Mrs. A. The least in sight. What are you, Master Wendoll!

Wen. I am a knave.

Nich. I'll swear it.

Mrs. A. I am queen.

Frank. A quean, thou should'st say.—Well, the cards are mine:
They are the grossest pair that e'er I felt.

Mrs. A. Shuffle, I'll cut: would I had never dealt.

Frank. I have lost my dealing.

Wen. Sir, the fault's in me;
This queen I have more than mine own, you see.
Give me the stock.

Frank. My mind's not on my game.
Many a deal I've lost; the more's your shame.
You have serv'd me a bad trick, Master Wendoll.

Wen. Sir, you must take your lot. To end this strife,
I know I have dealt better with your wife.

Frank. Thou hast dealt falsely, then.

Mrs. A. What's trumps?

Wen. Hearts. Partner, I rub.

Frank. Thou robb'st me of my soul, of her chaste love;
In thy false dealing thou hast robb'd my heart.
Booty you play, I like a loser stand,
Having no heart or here, or in my hand.

I will give o'er the set, I am not well.
Come, who will hold my cards?
Mrs. A. Not well, sweet Mr. Frankford?
Alas! what ails you? 'Tis some sudden qualm.
Wen. How long have you been so, Master Frankford?
Frank. Sir, I was lusty, and I had my health,
But I grew ill when you began to deal.—
Take hence this table.—Gentle Master Cranwell,
Y'are welcome: see your chamber at your pleasure.
I am sorry that this megrim takes me so,
I cannot sit and bear your company.
Jenkin, some lights, and show him to his chamber.
Mrs. A. A nightgown for my husband; quickly, there!
It is some rheum or cold.
Wen. Now, in good faith, this illness you have got
By sitting late without your gown.
Frank. I know it, Mr. Wendoll.
Go, go to bed, lest you complain like me.—
Wife, pr'ythee, wife, into my bed-chamber;
The night is raw and cold, and rheumatic.
Leave me my gown and light, I'll walk away my fit.
Wen. Sweet sir, good night.
Frank. Myself, good night. [*Exit* WENDOLL.
Mrs. A. Shall I attend you, husband?
Frank. No, gentle wife, thou'lt catch cold in thy head.
Prythee be gone, sweet; I'll make haste to bed.
Mrs. A. No sleep will fasten on mine eyes, you know,
Until you come. [*Exit.*
Frank. Sweet Nan, I pr'ythee go.—
I have bethought me: get me by degrees
The keys of all my doors, which I will mould
In wax, and take their fair impression,
To have by them new keys: this being compass'd,
At a set hour a letter shall be brought me,

And when they think they may securely play,
They nearest are to danger.—Nick, I must rely
Upon thy trust and faithful secrecy.

Nich. Build on my faith.

Frank. To bed, then, not to rest.
Care lodges in my brain, grief in my breast.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Sir CHARLES'S *Sister*, *Old* MOUNTFORD, SANDY, RODER, *and* TIDY.

Old Mount. You say my nephew is in great distress:
Who brought it to him, but his own lewd life?
I cannot spare a cross. I must confess
He was my brother's son: why, niece, what then?
This is no world in which to pity men.

Susan. I was not born a beggar, though his extremes
Enforce this language from me. I protest
No fortune of mine own could lead my tongue
To this base key. I do beseech you, uncle,
For the name's sake, for Christianity,
Nay, for God's sake, to pity his distress.
He is denied the freedom of the prison,
And in the hole is laid with men condemn'd:
Plenty he hath of nothing but of irons,
And it remains in you to free him thence.

Old Mount. Money I cannot spare; men should take heed.
He lost my kindred when he fell to need. [*Exit.*

Susan. Gold is but earth; thou earth enough shalt have,
When thou hast once took measure of thy grave.
You know me, Master Sandy, and my suit.

Sandy. I knew you, lady, when the old man liv'd;
I knew you ere your brother sold his land.
Then you were Mistress Sue, trick'd up in jewels;

Then you sang well, play'd sweetly on the lute;
But now I neither know you nor your suit. [*Exit.*

Susan. You, Master Roder, was my brother's tenant;
Rent-free he plac'd you in that wealthy farm,
Of which you are possess'd.

Roder. True, he did;
And have I not there dwelt still for his sake?
I have some business now; but without doubt,
They that have hurl'd him in, will help him out.
[*Exit.*

Susan. Cold comfort still. What say you, cousin Tidy?

Tydy. I say this comes of roysting, swaggering.
Call me not cousin; each man for himself.
Some men are born to mirth, and some to sorrow:
I am no cousin unto them that borrow. [*Exit.*

Susan. Oh, charity! Why art thou fled to heaven,
And left all things upon this earth uneven?
Their scoffing answers I will ne'er return,
But to myself his grief in silence mourn.

Enter Sir FRANCIS *and* MALBY.

Sir F. She is poor, I'll therefore tempt her with this gold.
Go, Malby, in my name deliver it,
And I will stay thy answer.

Mal. Fair mistress, as I understand your grief
Doth grow from want, so I have here in store
A means to furnish you, a bag of gold,
Which to your hands I freely tender you.

Susan. I thank you, Heavens! I thank you, gentle sir:
God make me able to requite this favour.

Mal. This gold Sir Francis Acton sends by me,
And prays you ——

Susan. Acton? Oh God! That name I'm born to curse:
Hence, bawd! hence, broker! see, I spurn his gold.
My honour never shall for gain be sold.
Sir F. Stay, lady, stay.
Susan. From you I'll posting hie,
Even as the doves from feather'd eagles fly. [*Exit.*
Sir F. She hates my name, my face, how should I woo?
I am disgrac'd in every thing I do.
The more she hates me, and disdains my love,
The more I am rapt in admiration
Of her divine and chaste perfections.
Woo her with gifts I cannot, for all gifts
Sent in my name she spurns: with looks I cannot,
For she abhors my sight; nor yet with letters,
For none she will receive. How then? how then?
Well, I will fasten such a kindness on her,
As shall o'ercome her hate and conquer it.
Sir Charles, her brother, lies in execution
For a great sum of money, and besides,
The appeal is sued still for my huntsmen's death,
Which only I have power to reverse:
In her I'll bury all my hate of him.—
Go seek the Keeper, Malby, bring him to me.
To save his body, I his debts will pay;
To save his life, I his appeal will stay. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sir CHARLES MOUNTFORD *in prison, with irons, his feet bare, his garments all ragged and torn.*

Sir C. Of all on the earth's face most miserable
Breathe in this hellish dungeon thy laments.
Thus like a slave ragg'd, like a felon gyv'd,
That hurls thee headlong to this base estate.
Oh, unkind uncle! Oh, my friends ingrate!

Unthankful kinsmen, Mountford's all too base,
To let thy name be fetter'd in disgrace.
A thousand deaths here in this grave I die:
Fear, hunger, sorrow, cold, all threat my death,
And join together to deprive my breath;
But that which most torments me, my dear sister
Hath left to visit me, and from my friends
Hath brought no hopeful answer; therefore, I
Divine they will not help my misery.
If it be so, shame, scandal, and contempt
Attend their covetous thoughts; need make their graves:
Usurers they live, and may they die like slaves.

Enter Keeper.

Keep. Knight, be of comfort, for I bring thee freedom
From all thy troubles.

Sir C. Then, I am doom'd to die:
Death is the end of all calamity.

Keep. Live: your appeal is stay'd, the execution
Of all your debts discharg'd; your creditors
Even to the utmost penny satisfied.
In sign whereof your shackles I knock off.
You are not left so much indebted to us
As for your fees; all is discharg'd; all paid.
Go freely to your house, or where you please;
After long miseries, embrace your ease.

Sir C. Thou grumblest out the sweetest music to me
That ever organ play'd.—Is this a dream?
Or do my waking senses apprehend
The pleasing taste of all these applausive news?
Slave that I was, to wrong such honest friends,
My loving kinsman, and my near allies.
Tongue, I will bite thee for the scandal breath
Against such faithful kinsmen: they are all

Compos'd of pity and compassion,
Of melting charity and of moving ruth.
That which I spoke before was in my rage;
They are my friends, the mirrors of this age;
Bounteous and free. The noble Mountford's race
Ne'er bred a covetous thought, or humour base.

Enter SUSAN.

Susan. I cannot longer stay from visiting
My woful brother: while I could, I kept
My hapless tidings from his hopeful ear.
Sir C. Sister, how much am I indebted to thee
And to thy travail!
Susan. What! at liberty?
Sir C. Thou seest I am; thanks to thy industry.
Oh! unto which of all my courteous friends
Am I thus bound? My uncle Mountford, he
Even from an infant lov'd me; was it he?
So did my cousin Tidy; was it he?
So Master Roder, Master Sandy, too.
Which of all these did this high kindness do?
Susan. Charles, can you mock me in your poverty,
Knowing your friends deride your misery?
Now, I protest I stand so much amaz'd,
To see your bonds free, and your irons knock'd off,
That I am rapt into a maze of wonder;
The rather for I know not by what means
This happiness hath chanc'd.
Sir C. Why, by my uncle,
My cousins and my friends: who else, I pray,
Would take upon them all my debts to pay?
Susan. Oh, brother! they are men all of flint,
Pictures of marble, and as void of pity
As chased bears. I begg'd, I sued, I kneel'd,
Laid open all your griefs and miseries,

Which they derided. More than that, deny'd us
A part in their alliance; but, in pride,
Said that our kindred with our plenty died.

Sir C. Drudges! too much; what did they? Oh, known evil!

Rich fly the poor, as good men shun the devil:
Whence should my freedom come? Of whom alive,
Saving of those, have I deserved so well?
Guess, sister, call to mind, remember me:
These have I rais'd, they follow the world's guise,
Whom rich in honour, they in woe despise.

Susan. My wits have lost themselves; let's ask the Keeper.

Sir C. Jailor!

Keep. At hand, sir.

Sir C. Of courtesy resolve me one demand.
What was he took the burthen of my debts
From off my back, staid my appeal to death,
Discharg'd my fees, and brought me liberty?

Keep. A courteous knight, and call'd Sir Francis Acton.

Sir C. Ha! Acton! Oh, me! more distress'd in this
Than all my troubles. Hale me back,
Double my irons, and my sparing meals
Put into halves, and lodge me in a dungeon
More deep, more dark, more cold, more comfortless.
By Acton freed! Not all thy manacles
Could fetter so my heels, as this one word
Hath thrall'd my heart; and it must now lie bound
In more strict prison than thy stony jail.
I am not free, I go but under tail.

Keep. My charge is done, sir, now I have my fees:
As we get little, we will nothing leese.

Sir C. By Acton freed! My dangerous opposite!

Why, to what end? or what occasion? Ha!
Let me forget the name of enemy,
And with indifference balance this high favour: ha!
Susan. His love to me: upon my soul, 'tis so.
That is the root from whence these strange things grow.
(*Aside.*)
Sir C. Had this proceeded from my father, he
That by the law of Nature is most bound
In offices of love, it had deserv'd
My best employment to requite that grace.
Had it proceeded from my friends, or him,
From them this action had deserv'd my life.
And from a stranger more, because from such
There is less execution of good deeds.
But he, nor father, nor ally, nor friend,
More than a stranger, both remote in blood,
And in his heart oppos'd my enemy,
That this high bounty should proceed from him,
Oh! there I lose myself. What should I say,
What think, what do, his bounty to repay?
Susan. You wonder, I am sure, whence this strange kindness
Proceeds in Acton: I will tell you, brother.
He doats on me, and oft hath sent me gifts,
Letters, and tokens: I refus'd them all.
Sir C. I have enough, though poor: my heart is set,
In one rich gift to pay back all my debt. [*Exeunt.*

Enter FRANKFORD *and* NICHOLAS, *with keys and a letter in his hand.*

Frank. This is the night that I must play my part,
To try two seeming angels. Where's my keys?
Nich. They are made according to your mould in wax:

I bade the smith be secret, gave him money,
And here they are. The letter, sir.

Frank. True, take it, there it is;
And when thou seest me in my pleasant'st vein,
Ready to sit to supper, bring it me.

Nich. I'll do't; make no more question, but I'll do it.
[*Exit.*

Enter Mrs. FRANKFORD, CRANWELL, WENDOLL, *and* JENKIN.

Mrs. A. Sirrah, 'tis six o'clock already struck;
Go bid them spread the cloth, and serve in supper.

Jen. It shall be done, forsooth. Mistress, where's
Spiggot, the butler, to give us our salt and trenchers?

Wen. We that have been a hunting all the day,
Come with prepared stomachs.—Master Frankford,
We wish'd you at our sport.

Frank. My heart was with you, and my mind was on you.—
Fie! Master Cranwell, you are still thus sad.—
A stool, a stool! Where's Jenkin, and where's Nick?
'Tis supper time at least an hour ago.
What's the best news abroad?

Wen. I know none good.

Frank. But I know too much bad.

Enter Butler and JENKIN, *with a tablecloth, bread, trenchers, and salt; then exeunt.*

Cran. Methinks, sir, you might have that interest
In your wife's brother, to be more remiss
In his hard dealing against poor Sir Charles,
Who, as I hear, lies in York Castle, needy,
And in great want.

Frank. Did not more weighty business of mine own

Hold me away, I would have labour'd peace
Betwixt them, with all care, indeed I would, sir.
Mrs. A. I'll write unto my brother earnestly
In that behalf.
Wen. A charitable deed;
And will beget the good opinion
Of all your friends that love you, Mrs. Frankford.
Frank. That's you, for one: I know you love Sir Charles,
And my wife too well.
Wen. He deserves the love.
Of all true gentlemen; be yourselves judge.
Frank. But supper, ho!—Now, as thou lov'st me, Wendoll,
Which I am sure thou dost, be merry, pleasant,
And frolic it to night.—Sweet Mr. Cranwell,
Do you the like.—Wife, I protest my heart
Was ne'er more bent on sweet alacrity.
Where be those lazy knaves to serve in supper?

Enter NICHOLAS.

Nich. Here's a letter, sir.
Frank. Whence comes it, and who brought it?
Nich. A stripling that below attends your answer,
And, as he tells me, it is sent from York.
Frank. Have him into the cellar, let him taste
A cup of our March beer: go, make him drink.
Nich. I'll make him drunk, if he be a Trojan.
Frank. My boots and spurs! where's Jenkin? God forgive me,
How I neglect my business.—Wife, look here;
I have a matter to be tried to-morrow
By eight o'clock, and my attorney writes me,
I must be there betimes with evidence,
Or it will go against me. Where's my boots?

Enter JENKIN, *with boots and spurs.*

Mrs. A. I hope your business craves no such despatch,
That you must ride to-night.
Wen. I hope it doth.
Frank. God's me! No such despatch?
Jenkin, my boots! where's Nick? Saddle my roan,
And the grey dapple for himself.—Content ye,
It much concerns me.—Gentle Master Cranwell,
And Master Wendoll, in my absence use
The very ripest pleasures of my house.
Wen. Lord! Master Frankford, will you ride to-night?
The ways are dangerous.
Frank. Therefore will I ride,
Appointed well; and so shall Nick, my man.
Mrs. A. I'll call you up by five o'clock to-morrow.
Frank. No, by my faith, wife, I'll not trust to that:
'Tis not such easy rising in a morning
From one I love so dearly. No, by my faith,
I shall not leave so sweet a bedfellow,
But with much pain. You have made me a sluggard
Since I first knew you.
Mrs. A. Then, if you needs will go,
This dangerous evening, Master Wendoll,
Let me entreat you bear him company.
Wen. With all my heart, sweet mistress.—My boots, there!
Frank. Fie, fie! that for my private business
I should disease my friend, and be a trouble
To the whole house.—Nick!
Nick. Anon, sir.
Frank. Bring forth my gelding.—As you love me, sir,
Use no more words: a hand, good Master Cranwell.
Cran. Sir, God be your speed.

Frank. Good night, sweet Nan; nay, nay, a kiss, and part.
Dissembling lips, you suit not with my heart.
[*Aside and exit.*

Wen. How business, time, and hours, all gracious prove,
And are the furtherers of my new-born love!
I am husband now in Master Frankford's place,
And must command the house.—My pleasure is
We will not sup abroad so publicly,
But in your private chamber, Mistress Frankford.

Mrs. A. Oh, sir! you are too public in your love,
And Master Frankford's wife.

Cran. Might I crave favour,
I would entreat you I might see my chamber.
I am on the sudden grown exceeding ill,
And would be spar'd from supper.

Wen. Light there, ho!—
See you want nothing, sir, for if you do,
You injure that good man, and wrong me too.

Cran. I will make bold: good night. [*Exit.*

Wen. How all conspire
To make our bosom sweet, and full entire!
Come, Nan, I pr'ythee let us sup within.

Mrs. A. Oh! what a clog unto the soul is sin.
We pale offenders are still full of fear;
Every suspicious eye brings danger near,
When they, whose clear hearts from offence are free,
Despite report, base scandals do outface,
And stand at mere defiance with disgrace.

Wen. Fie, fie! you talk too like a puritan.

Mrs. A. You have tempted me to mischief, Master Wendoll:
I have done I know not what. Well, you plead custom;
That which for want of wit I granted erst,

I now must yield through fear. Come, come, let's in;
Once over shoes, we are straight o'er head in sin.

Wen. My jocund soul is joyful beyond measure,
I'll be profuse in Frankford's richest treasure.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter SISLY, JENKIN, *and Butler.*

Jen. My mistress, and Master Wendoll, my master, sup in her chamber to-night. Sisly, you are preferred from being the cook, to be chambermaid: of all the loves betwixt thee and me, tell me what thou think'st of this?

Sis. Mum: there's an old proverb, when the cat's away, the mouse may play.

Jen. Now you talk of a cat, Sisly, I smell a rat.

Sis. Good words, Jenkin, lest you be called to answer them.

Jen. Why, God make my mistress an honest woman! are not these good words? Pray God my new master play not the knave with my old master! is there any hurt in this? God send no villany intended; and if they do sup together, pray God they do not lie together. God make my mistress chaste, and make us all his servants: what harm is there in all this? Nay, more; here is my hand, thou shalt never have my heart, unless thou say, Amen.

Sis. Amen, I pray God, I say.

Enter Serving-men.

Serving-man. My mistress sends that you should make less noise; so lock up the doors, and see the household all got to bed. You, Jenkin, for this night are made the porter, to see the gates shut in.

Jen. Thus, by little and little, I creep into office. Come,

to kennel, my masters, to kennel: 'tis eleven o'clock already.

Serving-man. When you have locked the gates in, you must send up the keys to my mistress.

Sis. Quickly, for God's sake, Jenkin, for I must carry them. I am neither pillow nor bolster, but I know more than both.

Jen. To bed, good Spiggot: to bed, good honest serving creatures; and let us sleep as snug as pigs in peas-straw. [*Exeunt.*

Enter FRANKFORD *and* NICHOLAS.

Frank. Soft, soft! we have tied our geldings to a tree, two flight shot off, lest by their thundering hoofs they blab our coming. Hear'st thou no noise?

Nich. I hear nothing but the owl and you.

Frank. So; now my watch's hand points upon twelve,
And it is just midnight. Where are my keys?

Nich. Here, sir.

Frank. This is the key that opes my outward gate,
This is the hall-door, this the withdrawing chamber;
But this, that door that's bawd unto my shame,
Fountain and spring of all my bleeding thoughts,
Where the most hallow'd order and true knot
Of nuptial sanctity hath been profan'd:
It leads to my polluted bed-chamber,
Once my terrestrial heaven, now my earth's hell;
The place where sins in all their ripeness dwell.
But I forget myself: now to my gate.

Nich. It must ope with far less noise than Cripple-gate,
Or your plot's dash'd.

Frank. So, reach me my dark lantern to the rest.
Tread softly, softly.

Nich. I will walk on eggs, this pace.

Frank. A general silence hath surprised the house,
And this is the last door. Astonishment,
Fear, and amazement, beat upon my heart,
Even as a madman beats upon a drum.
Oh! keep my eyes, you heavens, before I enter,
From any sight that may transfix my soul:
Or, if there be so black a spectacle,
Oh! strike mine eyes stark blind; or if not so,
Lend me such patience to digest my grief,
That I may keep this white and virgin hand
From any violent outrage, or red murder;
And with that prayer I enter. [*Exit.*

Nich. Here's a circumstance, indeed! a man may be made a cuckold in the time he's about it. And the case were mine,
As 'tis my master's, ('sblood! that he makes me swear)
I would have placed his action, enter'd there;
I would, I would.

Re-enter FRANKFORD.

Frank. Oh! oh!

Nich. Master, 'sblood! Master, master!

Frank. Oh, me unhappy! I have found them lying
Close in each other's arms, and fast asleep.
But that I would not damn two precious souls,
Bought with my Saviour's blood, and send them, laden
With all their scarlet sins upon their backs,
Unto a fearful judgment, their two lives
Had met upon my rapier.

Nich. Master, what, have ye left them sleeping still? Let me go wake 'em.

Frank. Stay, let me pause awhile.—
Oh, God! oh, God! that it were possible
To undo things done; to call back yesterday;
That Time could turn up his swift sandy glass,

To untell the days, and to redeem these hours;
Or that the sun
Could, rising from the west, draw his couch backward;
Take from th' account of time so many minutes,
Till he had all these seasons call'd again,
Those minutes, and those actions done in them,
Even from her first offence; that I might take her
As spotless as an angel in my arms!
But, oh! I talk of things impossible,
And cast beyond the moon. God give me patience,
For I will in, and wake them. [*Exeunt.*

Enter WENDOLL, *running over the stage in a night-gown,* FRANKFORD *after him with a sword drawn: the maid in her smock stays his hand, and clasps hold on him. He pauses for awhile.*

Frank. I thank thee, maid; thou, like an angel's hand,
Hath stay'd me from a bloody sacrifice.—
Go, villain; and my wrongs sit on thy soul
As heavy as this grief doth upon mine.
When thou record'st my many courtesies,
And shalt compare them with thy treacherous heart,
Lay them together, weigh them equally,
'Twill be revenge enough. Go, to thy friend
A Judas: pray, pray, lest I live to see
Thee, Judas-like, hang'd on an elder-tree.

Enter Mistress FRANKFORD *in her smock, night-gown, and night attire.*

Mrs. Anne. Oh, by what word, what title, or what name,
Shall I entreat your pardon? Pardon! Oh!
I am as far from hoping such sweet grace,
As Lucifer from Heaven. To call you husband!

(Oh, me, most wretched!) I have lost that name—
I am no more your wife.

Nich. 'Sblood! sir, she swoons.

Frank. Spare thou thy tears, for I will weep for thee;
And keep thy countenance, for I'll blush for thee.
Now, I protest, I think 'tis I am tainted,
For I am most asham'd; and 'tis more hard
For me to look upon thy guilty face
Than on the sun's clear brow. What wouldst thou speak?

Mrs. A. I would I had no tongue, no ears, no eyes,
No apprehension, no capacity.
When do you spurn me like a dog? When tread me
Under feet? When drag me by the hair?
Though I deserve a thousand, thousand fold,
More than you can inflict—yet, once my husband,
For womanhood, to which I am a shame,
Though once an ornament—even for his sake,
That hath redeem'd our souls, mark not my face,
Nor hack me with your sword; but let me go
Perfect and undeformed to my tomb.
I am not worthy that I should prevail
In the least suit; no, not to speak to you,
Nor look on you, nor to be in your presence,
Yet, as an abject, this one suit I crave—
This granted, I am ready for my grave.

Frank. My God, with patience arm me!—Rise, nay, rise,
And I'll debate with thee. Was it for want
Thou play'dst the strumpet? Wast thou not supplied
With every pleasure, fashion, and new toy;
Nay, even beyond my calling?

Mrs. A. I was.

Frank. Was it, then, disability in me;
Or in thine eye seem'd he a properer man?

Mrs. A. Oh! no.

Frank. Did I not lodge thee in my bosom?
Wear thee in my heart?

Mrs. A. You did.

Frank. I did, indeed; witness my tears, I did.
Go, bring my infants hither.—

Enter two Children.

Oh, Nan! oh, Nan!
If neither fear of shame, regard of honour,
The blemish of my house, nor my dear love,
Could have withheld thee from so lewd a fact,
Yet for these infants, these young, harmless souls,
On whose white brows thy shame is character'd,
And grows in greatness as they wax in years;
Look but on them, and melt away in tears.
Away with them! lest, as her spotted body
Hath stain'd their names with stripe of bastardy,
So her adulterous breath may blast their spirits
With her infectious thoughts. Away with them!
[*Exeunt Children.*

Mrs. A. In this one life, I die ten thousand deaths.
[*Kneels.*

Frank. Stand up, stand up. I will do nothing rashly.
I will retire awhile into my study,
And thou shalt hear thy sentence presently. [*Exit.*

Mrs. A. 'Tis welcome, be it death. Oh, me, base strumpet!
That, having such a husband, such sweet children,
Must enjoy neither! Oh! to redeem mine honour,
I would have this hand cut off, these my breasts sear'd;
Be rack'd, strappadoed, put to any torment:
Nay, to wipe but this scandal out, I would hazard
The rich and dear redemption of my soul.
He cannot be so base as to forgive me,
Nor I so shameless to accept his pardon.

Oh, women, women! you that yet have kept
Your holy matrimonial vow unstain'd,
Make me your instance: when you tread awry,
Your sins, like mine, will on your conscience lie.

Enter SISLY, SPIGGOT, *all the serving-men, and* JENKIN, *as newly come out of bed.*

All. Oh, mistress, mistress! what have you done, mistress?

Nich. What a caterwauling keep you here?

Jen. Oh, Lord! mistress, how comes this to pass? my master has run away in his shirt, and never so much as called me to bring his clothes after him.

Mrs. A. See what guilt is! Here stand I in this place,
Asham'd to look my servants in the face.

Enter Mr. FRANKFORD *and* CRANWELL; *whom seeing, Mrs.* FRANKFORD *falls on her knees.*

Frank. My words are register'd in heaven already:
With patience hear me. I'll not martyr thee,
Nor mark thee for a strumpet; but with usage
Of more humility torment thy soul,
And kill thee even with kindness.

Cran. Master Frankford——

Frank. Good Mr. Cranwell.—Woman, hear thy judgment.
Go make thee ready in thy best attire;
Take with thee all thy gowns, all thy apparel;
Leave nothing that did ever call thee mistress,
Or by whose sight, being left here in the house,
I may remember such a woman by.
Choose thee a bed and hangings for thy chamber;
Take with thee every thing which hath thy mark,
And get thee to my manor, seven mile off,
Where live—'tis thine; I freely give it thee.

My tenants by shall furnish thee with wains
To carry all thy stuff within two hours:
No longer will I limit thee my sight.
Choose which of all my servants thou lik'st best,
And they are thine to attend thee.

Mrs. A. A mild sentence.

Frank. But, as thou hop'st for Heaven, as thou believ'st
Thy name's recorded in the book of life,
I charge thee, never, after this sad day,
To see me, or to meet me; or to send,
By word or writing, gift or otherwise,
To move me, by thyself, or by thy friends,
Nor challenge any part in my two children.
So farewell, Nan; for we will henceforth be
As we had ne'er seen, ne'er more shall see.

Mrs. A. How full my heart is, in mine eyes appears;
What wants in words, I will supply in tears.

Frank. Come, take your coach, your stuff; all must along;
Servants and all make ready, all be gone.
It was thy hand cut two hearts out of one. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sir CHARLES MOUNTFORD, *gentleman-like, and his Sister, gentlewoman-like.*

Susan. Brother, why have you trick'd me like a bride,
Bought me this gay attire, these ornaments?
Forget you our estate, our poverty?

Sir C. Call me not brother, but imagine me
Some barbarous outlaw, or uncivil kern;
For if thou shut'st thine eye, and only hear'st
The words that I shall utter, thou shalt judge me
Some staring ruffian, not thy brother Charles.
Oh, sister!——

Susan. Oh, brother! what doth this strange language mean?

Sir C. Dost love me, sister? Wouldst thou see me live
A bankrupt beggar in the world's disgrace,
And die indebted to mine enemies?
Wouldst thou behold me stand like a huge beam
In the world's eye, a by-word and a scorn?
It lies in thee of these to acquit me free,
And all my debt I may outstrip by thee.

Susan. By me? Why, I have nothing, nothing left;
I owe even for the clothes upon my back:
I am not worth——

Sir C. Oh, sister! say not so:
It lies in you my downcast state to raise;
To make me stand on even points with the world.
Come, sister, you are rich; indeed you are:
And in your power you have, without delay,
Acton's five hundred pounds back to repay.

Susan. Till now I had thought y'had lov'd me. By my honour,
(Which I have kept as spotless as the moon)
I ne'er was mistress of that single doit
Which I reserv'd not to supply your wants;
And do ye think that I would hoard from you?
Now, by my hopes in Heaven, knew I the means
To buy you from the slavery of your debts,
(Especially from Acton, whom I hate)
I would redeem it with my life or blood.

Sir C. I challenge it; and, kindred set apart,
Thus, ruffian-like, I lay siege to thy heart.
What do I owe to Acton?

Susan. Why, some five hundred pounds; towards which, I swear,
In all the world I have not one denier.

Sir C. It will not prove so. Sister, now resolve me:

What do you think (and speak your conscience)
Would Acton give, might he enjoy your bed?
Susan. He would not shrink to spend a thousand pound,
To give the Mountfords' name so deep a wound.
Sir C. A thousand pound! I but five hundred owe:
Grant him your bed, he's paid with interest so.
Susan. Oh, brother!
Sir C. Oh, sister! only this one way,
With that rich jewel you my debts may pay.
In speaking this my cold heart shakes with shame;
Nor do I woo you in a brother's name,
But in a stranger's. Shall I die in debt
To Acton, my grand foe, and you still wear
The precious jewel that he holds so dear?
Susan. My honour I esteem as dear and precious
As my redemption.
Sir C. I esteem you, sister,
As dear, for so dear prizing it.
Susan. Will Charles
Have me cut off my hands, and send them Acton?
Rip up my breast, and with my bleeding heart
Present him as a token?
Sir C. Neither, sister:
But hear me in my strange assertion.
Thy honour and my soul are equal in my regard;
Nor will thy brother Charles survive thy shame.
His kindness, like a burthen, hath surcharg'd me,
And under his good deeds I stooping go,
Not with an upright soul. Had I remain'd
In prison still, there doubtless I had died:
Then, unto him that freed me from that prison,
Still do I owe this life. What mov'd my foe
To enfranchise me? 'Twas, sister, for your love:
With full five hundred pounds he bought your love,

And shall he not enjoy it? Shall the weight
Of all this heavy burden lean on me,
And will not you bear part? You did partake
The joy of my release; will you not stand
In joint-bond bound to satisfy the debt?
Shall I be only charg'd?

Susan. But that I know
These arguments come from an honour'd mind,
As in your most extremity of need
Scorning to stand in debt to one you hate,
Nay, rather would engage your unstain'd honour,
Than to be held ingrate, I should condemn you.
I see your resolution, and assent;
So Charles will have me, and I am content.

Sir C. For this I trick'd you up.

Susan. But here's a knife,
To save mine honour, shall slice out my life.

Sir C. I know thou pleasest me a thousand times
More in thy resolution than thy grant.—
Observe her love; to sooth it to my suit,
Her honour she will hazard, (though not lose)
To bring me out of debt, her rigorous hand
Will pierce her heart. Oh, wonder! That will choose,
Rather than stain her blood, her life to lose.
Come, you sad sister to a woful brother,
This is the gate. I'll bear him such a present,
Such an acquittance for the Knight to seal,
As will amaze his senses, and surprise
With admiration all his fantasies.

Enter Sir FRANCIS ACTON *and* MALBY.

Susan. Before his unchaste thoughts shall seize on me,
'Tis here shall my imprison'd soul set free.

Sir F. How! Mountford with his sister, hand in hand!
What miracle's afoot?

Mal. It is a sight
Begets in me much admiration.
Sir C. Stand not amaz'd to see me thus attended.
Acton, I owe thee money; and, being unable
To bring thee the full sum in ready coin,
Lo! for thy more assurance, here's a pawn:
My sister, my dear sister, whose chaste honour
I prize above a million. Here: nay, take her;
She's worth your money, man: do not forsake her.
Sir F. I would he were in earnest.
Susan. Impute it not to my immodesty.
My brother, being rich in nothing else
But in his interest that he hath in me,
According to his poverty hath brought you
Me, all his store; whom, howsoe'er you prize,
As forfeit to your hand, he values highly,
And would not sell, but to acquit your debt,
For any emperor's ransom.
Sir F. Stern heart, relent,
Thy former cruelty at length repent.
Was ever known, in any former age,
Such honourable, wrested courtesy?
Lands, honours, life, and all the world forego,
Rather than stand engag'd to such a foe.
Sir C. Acton, she is too poor to be thy bride,
And I too much oppos'd to be thy brother.
There, take her to thee; if thou hast the heart
To seize her as a rape, or lustful prey;
To blur our house, that never yet was stain'd;
To murder her that never meant thee harm;
To kill me now, whom once thou sav'dst from death;
Do them at once on her: all these rely
And perish with her spotless chastity.
Sir F. You overcome me in your love, Sir Charles.
I cannot be so cruel to a lady

I love so dearly. Since you have not spar'd
To engage your reputation to the world,
Your sister's honour, which you prize so dear,
Nay, all the comfort which you hold on earth,
To grow out of my debt, being your foe,
Your honour'd thoughts, lo! thus I recompence.
Your metamorphos'd foe receives your gift
In satisfaction of all former wrongs.
This jewel I will wear here in my heart:
And where before I thought her, for her wants,
Too base to be my bride, to end all strife,
I seal you my dear brother, her my wife.

Susan. You still exceed us. I will yield to fate,
And learn to love, where I till now did hate.

Sir C. With that enchantment you have charm'd my soul,
And made me rich even in those very words:
I pay no debt, but am indebted more.
Rich in your love, I never can be poor.

Sir F. All's mine is yours; we are alike in state;
Let's knit in love what was oppos'd in hate.
Come, for our nuptials we will straight provide,
Blest only in our brother and fair bride. [*Exeunt.*

Enter CRANWELL, FRANKFORD, *and* NICHOLAS.

Cran. Why do you search each room about your house,
Now that you have despatch'd your wife away?

Sir F. Oh, sir! to see that nothing may be left
That ever was my wife's. I lov'd her dearly;
And when I do but think of her unkindness,
My thoughts are all in hell: to avoid which torment,
I would not have a bodkin or a cuff,
A bracelet, necklace, or rebato wire,
Nor any thing that ever was call'd hers,

Left me, by which I might remember her.—
Seek round about.

Nich. 'Sblood! master, here's her lute flung in a corner.

Frank. Her lute! Oh, God! Upon this instrument
Her fingers have run quick division,
Sweeter than that which now divides our hearts.
These frets have made me pleasant, that have now
Frets of my heart-strings made. O, Master Cranwell,
Oft hath she made this melancholy wood
(Now mute and dumb for her disastrous chance)
Speak sweetly many a note, sound many a strain
To her own ravishing voice; which being well strung,
What pleasant strange airs have they jointly rung!—
Post with it after her.—Now nothing's left:
Of her and hers I am at once bereft.

Nich. I'll ride and overtake her; do my message,
And come back again. [*Exit.*

Cran. Meantime, sir, if you please,
I'll to Sir Francis Acton, and inform him
Of what hath pass'd 'twixt you and his sister.

Frank. Do as you please.—How ill am I bested,
To be a widower ere my wife be dead! [*Exeunt.*

Enter Mr. FRANKFORD; *with* JENKIN, *her maid* SISLY, *her Coachman, and three Carters.*

Mrs. A. Bid my coach stay. Why should I ride in state,
Being hurl'd so low down by the hand of fate?
A seat like to my fortunes let me have;
Earth for my chair, and for my bed a grave.

Jen. Comfort, good mistress: you have watered your coach with tears already. You have but two miles now to go to your manor. A man cannot say by my old master Frankford as he may say by me, that he wants

manors; for he hath three or four, of which this is one that we are going to now.

Sisly. Good mistress, be of good cheer. Sorrow, you see, hurts you, but helps you not: we all mourn to see you so sad.

Carter. Mistress, I see some of my landlord's men
Come riding post: 'tis like he brings some news.

Mrs. A. Comes he from Mr. Frankford, he is welcome:
So is his news, because they come from him.

Enter NICHOLAS.

Nich. There.

Mrs. A. I know the lute. Oft have I sung to thee:
We both are out of tune, both out of time.

Nich. Would that had been the worst instrument that e'er you played on. My master commends him unto ye; there's all he can find was ever yours: he hath nothing left that ever you could lay claim to but his own heart, and he could afford you that. All that I have to deliver you is this: he prays you to forget him; and so he bids you farewell.

Mrs. A. I thank him: he is kind, and ever was.
All you that have true feeling of my grief,
That know my loss, and have relenting hearts,
Gird me about, and help me with your tears
To wash my spotted sins. My lute shall groan;
It cannot weep, but shall lament my moan.

[*She plays.*

Enter WENDOLL *behind.*

Wen. Pursu'd with horror of a guilty soul,
And with the sharp scourge of repentance lash'd,
I fly from mine own shadow. Oh, my stars!
What have my parents in their lives deserv'd,

That you should lay this penance on your son?
When I but think of Master Frankford's love,
And lay it to my treason, or compare
My murdering him for his relieving me,
It strikes a terror like a lightning's flash,
To scorch my blood up. Thus I, like the owl,
Asham'd of day, live in these shadowy woods,
Afraid of every leaf or murm'ring blast,
Yet longing to receive some perfect knowledge
How he hath dealt with her. Oh, my sad fate!
Here, and so far from home, and thus attended!
Oh, God! I have divorc'd the truest turtles
That ever liv'd together; and, being divided,
In several places make their several moan;
She in the fields laments, and he at home.
So poets write that Orpheus made the trees
And stones to dance to his melodious harp,
Meaning the rustic and the barbarous hinds,
That had no understanding part in them:
So she from these rude carters tears extracts,
Making their flinty hearts with grief to rise,
And draw down rivers from their rocky eyes.

Mrs. A. If you return unto my master, say
(Though not from me, for I am all unworthy
To blast his name so with a strumpet's tongue)
That you have seen me weep, wish myself dead:
Nay, you may say, too, (for my vow is past)
Last night you saw me eat and drink my last.
This to your master you may say and swear;
For it is writ in heaven, and decreed here.

Nich. I'll say you wept: I'll swear you made me sad.
Why, how now, eyes? What now? What's here to do?
I'm gone, or I shall straight turn baby too.

Wen. I cannot weep, my heart is all on fire.
Curs'd be the fruits of my unchaste desire!

Mrs. A. Go, break this lute upon my coach's wheel,
As the last music that I e'er shall make;
Not as my husband's gift, but my farewell
To all earth's joy; and so your master tell.

Nich. If I can for crying.

Wen. Grief, have done,
Or, like a madman, I shall frantic run.

Mrs. A. You have beheld the wofull'st wretch on earth—
A woman made of tears: would you had words
To express but what you see! My inward grief
No tongue can utter; yet unto your power
You may describe my sorrow, and disclose
To thy sad master my abundant woes.

Nich. I'll do your commendations.

Mrs. A. Oh! no:
I dare not so presume; nor to my children:
I am disclaim'd in both; alas! I am.
Oh! never teach them, when they come to speak,
To name the name of mother: chide their tongue,
If they by chance light on that hated word;
Tell them 'tis naught: for when that word they name,
(Poor, pretty souls!) they harp on their own shame.

Wen. To recompence their wrongs, what canst thou do?
Thou hast made her husbandless, and childless too.

Mrs. A. I have no more to say.—Speak not for me;
Yet you may tell your master what you see.

Nich. I'll do't. [*Exit.*

Wen. I'll speak to her, and comfort her in grief.
Oh! but her wound cannot be cur'd with words.
No matter, though; I'll do my best good will
To work a cure on her whom I did kill.

Mrs. A. So, now unto my coach, then to my home,

So to my death-bed; for from this sad hour,
I never will nor eat, nor drink, nor taste
Of any cates that may preserve my life.
I never will nor smile, nor sleep, nor rest;
But when my tears have wash'd my black soul white,
Sweet Saviour, to thy hands I yield my sprite.

Wen. (*coming forward*). Oh, Mrs. Frankford!

Mrs. A. Oh, for God's sake, fly!
The devil doth come to tempt me, ere I die.
My coach!—This sin, that with an angel's face
Conjur'd mine honour, till he sought my wrack,
In my repentant eye seems ugly, black.

[*Exeunt all except* WENDOLL *and* JENKIN; *the Carters whistling.*

Jen. What, my young master, that fled in his shirt? How come you by your clothes again? You have made our house in a sweet pickle, ha' ye not, think you? What! shall I serve you still, or cleave to the old house?

Wen. Hence, slave! away, with thy unseason'd mirth.
Unless thou canst shed tears, and sigh, and howl,
Curse thy sad fortunes, and exclaim on fate,
Thou art not for my turn.

Jen. Marry, and you will not, another will: farewell, and be hang'd. Would you had never come to have kept this coil within our doors. We shall ha' you run away like a sprite again. [*Exit.*

Wen. She's gone to death; I live to want and woe:
Her life, her sins, and all upon my head.
And I must now go wander, like a Cain,
In foreign countries and remoted climes,
Where the report of my ingratitude
Cannot be heard. I'll over first to France,
And so to Germany and Italy;
Where, when I have recover'd, and by travel

Gotten those perfect tongues, and that these rumours
May in their height abate, I will return:
And I divine, (however now dejected)
My worth and parts being by some great man prais'd,
At my return I may in court be rais'd. [*Exit.*

Enter Sir FRANCIS ACTON, *Sir* CHARLES MOUNTFORD, CRANWELL, MALBY, *and* SUSAN.

Sir F. Brother, and now my wife, I think these troubles
Fall on my head by justice of the heavens,
For being so strict to you in your extremities;
But we are now aton'd. I would my sister
Could with like happiness o'ercome her griefs
As we have ours.

Susan. You tell us, Mr. Cranwell, wondrous things
Touching the patience of that gentleman;
With what strange virtue he demeans his grief.

Cran. I told you what I was a witness of;
It was my fortune to lodge there that night.

Sir F. Oh, that same villain, Wendoll! 'twas his tongue
That did corrupt her: she was of herself
Chaste, and devoted well. Is this the house?

Cran. Yes, sir. I take it, here your sister lies.

Sir F. My brother Frankford show'd too mild a spirit
In the revenge of such a loathed crime.
Less than he did, no man of spirit could do.
I am so far from blaming his revenge,
That I commend it. Had it been my case,
Their souls at once had from their breasts been freed:
Death to such deeds of shame is the due meed.

Enter JENKIN *and* SISLY.

Jen. Oh, my mistress, mistress! my poor mistress!

Sisly. Alas! that ever I was born; what shall I do for my poor mistress?

Sir C. Why, what of her?

Jen. Oh, Lord, sir! she no sooner heard that her brother and her friends were come to see how she did, but she, for very shame of her guilty conscience, fell into such a swoon, that we had much ado to get life in her.

Susan. Alas! that she should bear so hard a fate.
Pity it is repentance comes too late.

Sir F. Is she so weak in body?

Jen. Oh, sir! I can assure you there's no hope of life in her; for she will take no sustenance: she hath plainly starv'd herself, and now she's as lean as a lath. She ever looks for the good hour. Many gentlemen and gentlewomen of the country are come to comfort her.

Enter Mrs. FRANKFORD, *in her bed.*

Mal. How fare you, Mistress Frankford?

Mrs. A. Sick, sick! oh, sick! give me some air. I pray,
Tell me, oh! tell me, where is Master Frankford?
Will [he] not deign to see me ere I die?

Mal. Yes, Mistress Frankford: divers gentlemen,
Your loving neighbours, with that just request
Have mov'd, and told him of your weak estate:
Who, though with much ado to get belief,
Examining of the general circumstance,
Seeing your sorrow and your penitence,
And hearing therewithal the great desire
You have to see him, ere you left the world,
He gave to us his faith to follow us,
And sure he will be here immediately.

Mrs. A. You have half reviv'd me with the pleasing news.
Raise me a little higher in my bed.—
Blush I not, brother Acton? Blush I not, Sir Charles?

Can you not read my fault writ in my cheek?
Is not my crime there? Tell me, gentlemen.

Sir C. Alas! good mistress, sickness hath not left you
Blood in your face enough to make you blush.

Mrs. A. Then, sickness, like a friend, my fault would hide.—
Is my husband come? My soul but tarries
His arrive, then I am fit for heaven.

Sir F. I came to chide you, but my words of hate
Are turn'd to pity and compassionate grief.
I came to rate you; but my brawls, you see,
Melt into tears, and I must weep by thee.—
Here's Master Frankford now.

Enter FRANKFORD.

Frank. Good morrow, brother; morrow, gentlemen.
God, that hath laid this cross upon our heads,
Might (had he pleas'd) have made our cause of meeting
On a more fair and more contented ground;
But He that made us, made us to this woe.

Mrs. A. And is he come? Methinks that voice I know.

Frank. How do you, woman?

Mrs. A. Well, Master Frankford, well; but shall be better,
I hope, within this hour. Will you vouchsafe
(Out of your grace and your humanity)
To take a spotted strumpet by the hand?

Frank. This hand once held my heart in faster bonds
Than now 'tis grip'd by me. God pardon them
That made us first break hold.

Mrs. A. Amen, amen.
Out of my zeal to Heaven, whither I'm now bound,
I was so impudent to wish you here;
And once more beg your pardon. Oh, good man,

And father to my children, pardon me.
Pardon, oh! pardon me: my fault so heinous is,
That if you in this world forgive it not,
Heaven will not clear it in the world to come.
Faintness hath so usurp'd upon my knees,
That kneel I cannot; but in my heart's knees
My prostrate soul lies thrown down at your feet,
To beg your gracious pardon. Pardon, Oh, pardon me!

Frank. As freely, from the low depth of my soul,
As my Redeemer hath forgiven his death,
I pardon thee. I will shed tears for thee;
Pray with thee; and, in mere pity of thy weak estate,
I'll wish to die with thee.

All. So do we all.

Nich. So will not I;
I'll sigh and sob, but, by my faith, not die.

Sir F. Oh, Master Frankford, all the near alliance
I lose by her, shall be supply'd in thee:
You are my brother by the nearest way;
Her kindred hath fall'n off, but yours doth stay.

Frank. Even as I hope for pardon, at that day
When the Great Judge of heaven in scarlet sits,
So be thou pardon'd. Though thy rash offence
Divorc'd our bodies, thy repentant tears
Unite our souls.

Sir C. Then comfort, Mistress Frankford.
You see your husband hath forgiven your fall;
Then, rouse your spirits and cheer your fainting soul.

Susan. How is it with you?

Sir F. How d'ye feel yourself?

Mrs. A. Not of this world.

Frank. I see you are not, and I weep to see it.
My wife, the mother to my pretty babes!
Both those lost names I do restore thee back,
And with this kiss I wed thee once again.

Though thou art wounded in thy honour'd name,
And with that grief upon thy death-bed liest,
Honest in heart, upon my soul, thou diest.
Mrs. A. Pardon'd on earth, soul, thou in heaven art free:
Once more thy wife dies thus embracing thee. [*Dies.*
Frank. New married, and new widow'd.—Oh! she's dead;
And a cold grave must be her nuptial bed.
Sir C. Sir, be of good comfort, and your heavy sorrow
Part equally amongst us: storms divided
Abate their force, and with less rage are guided.
Cran. Do, Master Frankford: he that hath least part,
Will find enough to drown one troubled heart.
Sir F. Peace with thee, Nan.—Brothers and gentlemen,
(All we that can plead interest in her grief)
Bestow upon her body funeral tears.
Brother, had you with threats and usage bad
Punish'd her sin, the grief of her offence
Had not with such true sorrow touch'd her heart.
Frank. I see it had not: therefore, on her grave
Will I bestow this funeral epitaph,
Which on her marble tomb shall be engrav'd.
In golden letters shall these words be fill'd:
Here lies she whom her husband's kindness kill'd.

Epilogue.

An honest crew, disposed to be merry,
Came to a tavern by, and call'd for wine:
The drawer brought it, (smiling like a cherry)
And told them it was pleasant, neat and fine.
"Taste it," quoth one: he did so; "Fie!" (quoth he)
"This wine was good; now't runs too near the lee."

Another sipp'd, to give the wine his due,
And said unto the rest it drank too flat:
The third said, it was old; the fourth, too new;
Nay, quoth the fifth, the sharpness likes me not.
Thus, gentlemen, you see how, in one hour,
The wine was new, old, flat, sharp, sweet, and sour.

Unto this wine we do allude our play,
Which some will judge too trivial, some too grave:
You, as our guests we entertain this day,
And bid you welcome to the best we have.
Excuse us, then: good wine may be disgraced,
When every several mouth hath sundry taste.

NOTES

TO

A WOMAN KILLED WITH KINDNESS.

Page 97, line 7, The shaking of the sheets.] This was the name of a very popular tune, to which many ballads of the time were written: it was called "The Shaking of the Sheet, or the Dance of Death;" and a full account of it may be seen in Chappell's "National English Airs," ii., 121, of which excellent work we are happy to hear a new edition is in progress.

Page 98, line 16, Than my imperfect beauties.] In the edition of 1617, the reading is, "Than my imperfect *beauty*," which is clearly wrong, according to the next line.

Page 101, line 10, Enter Nicholas, &c.] In the old copy he is generally called *Nick* and *Nic'las*.

Page 102, line 6, strike thee down.] So the original, but modern editors have substituted *them* for "thee."

Page 102, line 15. I that have ere now, &c.] This passage has been hitherto reprinted thus, to the total perversion of the author's meaning—"I have ere now deserved a cushion. Call for the Cushion dance." The tunes here mentioned, such as "Rogero," "The beginning of the World," "John, come kiss me now," "Tom Tiler," "The hunting of the Fox," &c., were well known, and are often mentioned in old writers; and those who wish to learn all that is now known about them, have only to consult the interesting work we have above quoted, Chappell's "National English Airs." We do not recollect that "Put on your smock on Monday" is mentioned elsewhere, but nothing can well be more common than notices of "Sellenger's Round."

Page 103, line 19, Rebeck her not.] Here, and afterwards, we have a curious collection of the terms used in falconry, which are not now very

intelligible, such, particularly, as "at the querre" and "at the ferre:" "jesses" are more common, and, as our readers are aware, are mentioned in "Othello," act iii., scene 3.

Page 105, line 17, Unhappy jest.] The original play has "Unhappy *jests.*"

Page 106, line 16, Till they could set.] So the old copy, and rightly, but changed, in modern editions, to "Till they *would*," &c.

Page 106, line 24, Nor thy sweet sight. The letter *r* has dropped out in *Nor*, in the old copy.

Page 106, line 30, Should be of you enacted.] Altered, by Dodsley and others, to *exacted.* The allusion seems to be to the shedding of innocent blood, which had just been "enacted," or *done*, by Sir Charles.

Page 108, line 10, Exit Nicholas.] Not in the old copy. The stage-directions in the original are often so imperfectly given, that we have been obliged to supply them, in order to render the scene intelligible.

Page 108, line 30, Ha! and which won?] Quite as proper as "and *who* won," with the advantage of being the reading preferred by Heywood: *who* is the modern reading.

Page 113, line 24, the most perfect'st man.] The phraseology of the period, and printed, in the old copy, "the most perfect's man." So in a subsequent scene, p. 137, "pleasant's" is printed for *pleansant'st.*

Page 115, line 31, Sir, you are much beholding to my husband.] This was the almost invariable mode of expression; and Shakespeare constantly so uses the word, though his editors have as constantly substituted *beholden.* The active participle is required, and the substitution of the passive is not merely unnecessary, but grammatically wrong.

Page 118, line 31, Since he came miching first into our house.] *i.e.*, since he came *sneaking* or *stealing* first into our house. This very applicable line has not been quoted by the commentators on "Hamlet," act iii., scene 2.

Page 122, line 21, In all contractions.] This is the old reading, from which we do not vary, because the sense does not by any means require it: in the modern reprints of this play it has, however, been altered to *constructions.*

Page 122, line 34, that supped there to-night.] Unnecessarily altered by recent editors to "that supped *here* to-night."

Page 123, line 20, Nicholas, what make you here?] A usual form of expression, evidently derived from the Anglo-Saxon, which modern editors have thought fit to change to "Nicholas, what makes you here?"—a mere vulgarism.

Page 126, line 24, A pair of cards.] Or, as we now say, a *pack* of cards: the expression was then common.

Page 127, line 14, you play best at noddy.] The enumeration of games at cards in this scene, and the application of them to the business of the play, are remarkable: they are Noddy, Double-ruff, Knave out of doors, Lodam, Saint, Post-and-pair, and Vide-ruff, (misprinted *Wide*-ruff in modern editions) which last is the game chosen. Most of these are described in Mr. Singer's work upon playing-cards, and it is needless to enter into any explanation of them here.

Page 129, line 21, The night is raw and cold.] Inverted, in modern editions, to *cold and raw*, but it is a matter of little consequence.

Page 131, line 18, And left all things upon this earth uneven.] The old copy has *on*, but the measure of the line requires the change; and there can be no doubt that Heywood wrote what was called for by the ear: he was too skilful and practised a versifier to offend in this way.

Page 135, line 35, My dangerous opposite.] *i.e.*, adversary. See note to "The Royal King and Loyal Subject."

Page 136, line 14, There is less execution of good deeds.] Modern editors substitute *expectation* for "execution."

Page 137, line 4, in my pleasant'st vein.] Printed *pleasant's* in the old copy, as already stated.

Page 137, line 28, to be more remiss.] The sense is that Frankford might induce his wife's brother to be "more remiss," or less vigorous, in his hard dealing with Sir Charles Mountford.

Page 139, line 4, I hope it doth.] This speech is so obviously spoken *aside*, that it seems useless to mark it.

Page 139, line 29, I should disease my friend.] This sense of the word "disease" often occurs in our old dramatists, as well as in other writers of the time.

Page 142, line 7, know more than both.] This is the true reading, and not "more than *them* both," which is a recent vulgarism.

Page 142, line 12, we have tied our geldings.] The old copy is here in error, reading "*your* geldings."

Page 142, line 29, It must ope with far less noise than Cripplegate.] We know of no other authority to show that at this date Cripplegate opened with any peculiar noise. See all that is known about Cripplegate in Cunningham's "Handbook of London," 2nd edition, p. 147.

Page 146, line 6, Enter two Children.] We must suppose them brought in by a servant, but nothing is said of their entrance, either in the ancient or modern copies of this play: in the same way, we are not

told what becomes of them after they have been introduced. It is quite evident that they came upon the stage, and were seen by the audience, for Frankford tells his guilty wife to "look on them."

Page 146, line 31, Nay, to wipe but this scandal out.] *Whip* out, in the original, which may be right, but the sense seems to require "wipe."

Page 147, line 29, I may remember such a woman by.] "I may remember such a woman *was*," is a totally unnecessary change in the original text made by late editors.

Page 148, line 29, Some barbarous outlaw, or uncivil kern.] The word "kern" is here employed to signify generally an uncivilized person: it is usually applied to the wild and savage inhabitants of Ireland, and it often occurs in Shakespeare.

Page 151, line 18, I know thou pleasest me, &c.] So the old copy; and why modern editors have changed it to "*Ay*, *now* thou pleasest," &c., is no where explained, nor is any notice given of the liberty taken with the text.

Page 153, line 33, or a rebato wire.] *i.e.* a wire to stiffen or set a rebato, which was the name for a species of ruff worn round the neck, and frequently mentioned by old writers.

Page 155, line 19, he could afford you that.] The negative *not* has usually been interpolated before "afford," entirely altering the sense of the author, which is that Frankford could almost afford to give his wretched wife his heart again, in compassion for her sufferings.

Page 156, line 1, this penance on their son.] The original has, "this pennance on *your* son," which seems wrong.

Page 159, line 12, But we are now aton'd.] *i.e.*, reconciled.

Page 160, line 16, Enter Mrs. Frankford, in her bed.] In the simplicity and poverty of our ancient stage, it often happened that a bed was thrust upon the scene, in order that it might represent a sleeping-room instead of a sitting-room: in this instance, Mrs. Frankford was in the bed, when it was brought before the audience.

THE END.

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